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THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1830. NO 1.

MISCELLANY.

COURT OF REQUESTS.

PADDY'S GOOD LUCK, OR GOOSE WITHOUT GRAVY.

A lump of an Irish laborer, named Crady standing about five feet six inches in his stocking feet, and weighing not less than fourteen stone, appeared before the Commissioners this day, to recover according to summons, the amount of a doctor's bill which he had paid for plasters, medicine and attendance, in consequence of an injury sustained in his right hand by the wicked doings of David Morgan, Jun., whose father is a tailor in Drury-lane.

"Plase your Honor," said Pat, "I'm come afore you to make this ould chap (pointing to David Morgan, Sen., the defendant, who stood close to him with the knees of his "inexpressibles" unbuttoned, and his shoes down at the heels, as if he had just dropped from the shop-board) shell out thirteen shillings and eighteen pence three fathings, all hard money, which I paid to Dr. Corcoran for curing the right hand of me, which that gallows young thief, (pointing to Morgan, Jr.,) his son, very near burnt off my body on Saturday last. And here's the hand to spake for itself, plase your Worship, (showing his fore-paw a good deal contracted in the fingers,) and the devil a use of my *scratchers* I've had ever since, the skin o' them being more like a *crackley* on *roast pork* than any thing else in the christian world.

Commissioner. Your hand is indeed very much burnt; but how did it happen?

Grady. I'll tell your honor. You must know I'm a man as works early and late to get a bit o' bread for the chiler; and I lodges in Drury-lane above there. A Saturday last as ever was, and b' the same token, 'nation cowl it was, I was called by Tim Kelly, the watchman as is on our bate, at five o'clock, to go to my work, which is up at the New University, in Gower-street, where I mixes mortar, and tends upon the bricklayers; so when I hears Tim rap with his stick against the shutters, which is the way he calls me, I jumps out of bed, and, says I, "Tim, does it freeze?" "As fast as a horse 'd trot," says he; and, suae enough, the icicles were hanging like so many *bagnets* (bayonets we presume) from the pint (pent) house opposite. Well, I says, to my owld woman Catty, says I, the devil a sprat you'll get at Billingsgate this marning (for she dales in fish, your Honour,) and so you may as well lie where you are; and, sensible cratur as she is, she took my advice, and doubling herself up in the blanket, was asleep before your Honour'd say praties.

Commissioner. Come, Mr. Grady, you are a long time getting to the burning of your hand.

Crady. Devil a word a lie you're telling, your Honour, and I wish it had been longer.

Commissioner. Come to the point at once, for our time is precious.

Crady. Not more precious than my hand, your Honour, but I can't get to the burning till I've dressed myself, and get down in the street.

Commissioner. I shall thank you to be quick at your toilette and get into the street as soon as you can.

Crady. I'll be here in the cracking of a knit. Well, I pups on the ould rags of me as quick as I could, and bundles down into the yard, where I left my hod, and where I found it too, but it was *friz* to the wather butt as hard as Roman cimint. Howsoever, I gave it a kick or two, and down it came, bad luck to it, on one of my toes.

Commissioner. Never mind your toes, but come to your fingers.

Crady. O, by the Cross of Cromwell, I wish I'd been more careful of both, and you would'nt have had me here now.

Commissioner. Go on, go on.

Crady. Arn't I going as fast as a dog 'd gallop. Well, I picks up the hod, and a hearty damn I gave it.

Commissioner again impatient.

Grady. Sure, you'd better tell it yourself, if you think you can do it better nor me.

Commissioner. I know nothing about it. Tell us at once how your hand was burnt.

Crady. That's what I was just coming to, only you put me out. Where was I?

Commissioner. You had the hod on your shoulder.

Crady. Who tould you that.

Commissioner. You told me so yourself; go on man, go on.

Crady. Well, then, I had the hod on my shoulder, and out I goes os cowld as charity, thinking of nothing but where I'd get a glass o' gin, when, all of a suddent--"

Commissioner. Now, for God's sake, don't digress again.

Crady. Is it me, divil a di I'll die grase (grease,) or any thing else, your Honor.

Commissioner. Goodness, man, go on.

Crady. Faith. I wish I had, instead of stopping like a great *Oinathawn* as I was.

Commissioner. Well you stopped of a sudden.

Crady. That's true any way."

Commissioner. What made you stop.

Crady. That's what I want to know myself, for it was d—nd foolish.

Commissioner. You did stop, however, foolish or not.

Crady. I did.

Commissioners. And what then.

Crady. What then, why that's what brought me here with my *frizzled fist*.

Commissioner. God bless me, how did you frizzle your fist, as you call it.

Crady. I didn't frizzle it at all.

Commissioner. And who did.

Crady. And who did, why, that ould thief's *goose*, to be sure.

Commissioner. Goose! this is the first I heard of a goose or a gander either.

Crady. That's bekase you won't let me tell my story in my own way.

Commissioner. Well, then, go on as you like.

Crady. Where was I?

Commissioner. You stopped suddenly; now, what made you stop.

Crady. Ah, now you talk like a reasonable man. Well, I'll tell you. as I was jogging along, saying to myself how much I'd like a glass of gin—and I forgot to tell you it was neither light nor dark!

Commissioner. What signifies whether it was light or dark.

Crady. A grate dale, for if it had been light I wouldn't have found my way here today. So, as I was saying, it was neither light nor dark, when I kicks the foot o' me against something hard on the pavement, and it jingle like owld iron, Hurroo, says I, there's luck afore me this morning, and there's no luck like finding ould iron. So I turns round, and there I sees something like a smoothing iron, only it wasn't so broad, and was much longer than Catty's, lying down upon the hard stones. There you are, says I, and it's a pot you're worth this blessed morning; and so I stoops down, and picks it up. The curse of St. Patrick on them that put it there, say I, for I'd hardly got it a foot from the ground when I dropped it like a shot.

Commissioner. Drop it! why did you drop it?

Crady. For the best rason in the world —bekase it was *red hot*, and carried with it about two ounces of flesh off my poor fingers, as your Honor may see, and the doctor will prove.

Commissioner. That was dreadful indeed; but it was your own act.

Crady. Why, so it was, to be sure; but if the iron had'nt been there, I'd never offered to touch it, and them as put it there ought to pay me for my trouble.

Commissioner. And who did put it there?

Crady. Why, young Morgan, the son of ould Morgan; and there they both stand grinning like a pair of salted pigs' heads---bad luck to them!

Commissioner. How do you know this?

Crady. How do I know it! why, the moment I dropped the ould iron, that thief of the world (pointing to young snip) hallos out, 'Paddy, where are you going with the goose?' Ould nick take his goose, and himself too. Upon which I turned round, and made a whack at him with my hod; but, as ill-luck would have it, I only broke the fan light over the door!

Commissioner. And you did that?

Crady. I did, indeed, thank God!

Commissioner. Now, Mr. Morgan, what have you to say to this?

Mr. Morgan immediately stepped forward, and denied all evil intention whatever towards the complainant. The truth was, his son had just heated the goose to press down the seam of a coat, for a customer, but finding it too hot, he placed it outside of the door to cool, when Mr. Crady, who was accidently passing thought proper to pick it up; but finding it so warm dropped it *instanter*, and then, without any further provocation, struck at his son with his hod, and would have dashed out his brains had he not first caught the fan light, which was broken to shivers.

In this view of the case, the Commissioner considered that the plaintiff was the willing cause of his own misfortune; and, therefore, dismissed his suit, with a recommendation that he should, in future, avoid catching geese, with the properties of whic he was not fully acquainted.

The tailor *ducket* his head, and retired; while Mr. Crady swore most vehemently there was neither law nor justice in the country. Lond. pap.

[From the Carolina Gazette.]

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

We perceive by the papers that a first project of the new French Dynasty, and that, by which it proposes, without doubt, to render itself popular with the manyheaded monster, is the removal of the bones of Napoleon, from the solitary isle where he suffered, to the enlivening territory over which he reigned. Nor is there altogether, a lack of fitness and sublimity in this design. It is intended to appropriate, as a fitting mausoleum, for this sacred deposite, the column in the Place Vendome; a beautiful monument, framed from the cannon taken by Napoleon at the battle of Austerlitz. A notion tike this, is particularly calculated to take captive the imagination and win the affections of the ardent people to whom it is proposed; and we should not wonder to see, the entire nation, with Philippe, the new monarch at their head, engaged in a friendly crusade, with the British Government, for the attainment of this novel object. England will, no doubt, in such an event, readily give up her lien upon the ashes of the mighty Corsican, nor render it neccessary, for those concerned in this pilgrimage, to assume a less peaceable or less sacred character. We think it not at all unlikely, indeed, that the country in possession, will be quite willing to forego all claim to the body of Napoleon now, however unwilling to do so it may have been so any former occasion.

It will be seen, from the little poem which follows, that we by no means approve of the design in view. We cannot for ourselves perceive the wonderful honor that this transfer will do to the immortal subject of regard and consideration; nor can we be made, exactly to perceive, in how much the column in the Place Vendome will prove more becoming as a monument for Napoleon, than the scene of his trials, death and final repose. In a moral point of view, the reasons we should urge against his removal, must prove full and conclusive. The name of Napoleon is perhaps more perfectly and intimately associated with that of St. Helena, than with any single spot upon the surface of the Globe. It bears to his life precisely the same relation as the fifth act or catastrophe to the Tragedy which it concludes. The whole life is defective, without it. Here the whole history is comprised and added up and the sum total put down;--Finis Coronat Opus! The nationes look to it first; and as in the order of things, commonly, the previous life, achievements, successes and defeats, lead us only the more conclusively to the end, so do we refer to St. Helena as to the most necessary chapter in the history of Napoleon. Again; —Does not the necessity which now imposes the remains of her victim upon her, lead us more directly, to the shame of England in this transaction. Is she not now doomed to carry the proof of her dishonor about her. Is not the possession of the bones of the captive, evidence of his captivity; and is not this the disgrace that England would be very willing to remove But we anticipate the argument of the Poem.

Considered upon a principle of the natural sublime, where can we find a tomb more imposing—more suited to the individual by whom it is occupied, or one better calculated to inspire awe and veneration in the mind of the spectators than the "ocean isle"--removed as it is from the crowded mart--silent, rocky--solitary—washed by opposing waters, chafed by the unfettered winds that sweep over it from every quarter—with the natural sublimity of which, the puerilities of society cannot conflict nor the little characteristics of busy life, come in collison? Who will deny that such a tomb is more in character with the life of the mighty exile, his achievements suffering and death than any mere fabric, the design and the erection of man situated in a crowded city and made more familiar and common to the vulgar concerns of life, that in a short time, in spite of all the associations conected with its mighty tenant, even the man of taste, along with the artisan fails to perceive and cannot enjoy it.

The majesty of Freedom lives again,
 In Europe—and the spirit is abroad,
Triumhhant over Gallea's fair domain,
 Subtile and strong and gathering to a God—
Gaul stands erect, and, for reward too late,
She fain would honor him, who baffled fate,
And shrine the bones of one too long outlawed
Would give a monument to him, whose fame
Won for himself, and gave to Gaul his name!

His bones;--whose bones! the man who stood
 When realms were blazing round,
And all his country's veins run blood,
 O'er Moscow's frozen ground—
Who bade his locust armies haste
O'er Egypt's wild and pathless waste
 Nor deemed the Alps a bound—
Wonld you for such as him command,
A tomb built up by human hand!

This were a fall indeed for him,
 Who, in his hour of might
Beheld his day star never dim,
 'Till nature joined the fight?
Nor 'till the Northern God had striven,
Leagued with the mightier arm of heav'n
 Against his warrior flight—
Bade his fierce Eagles turn and fly
From blazing realm and freezing sky.

For him we make the monument
 Of things, that ne'er decay:
Which, when the wrath of Time is spent,
 May laugh to scorn his sway;
The Monarch, deem'd legitimate,
May thank his stars, and honor fate,
 For shrines of crumbling clay—
But, in thy destiny, we see,
That nature builds thy tomb for thee

What other shrine could man have made
 Fit for thy mighty bones;
Thou, whose fierce will and sceptre sway'd
 Thy many sword-bought thrones—
How should he, to the world convey
The story of each bloody fray—
 How, with his up-piled stones,
That crumble ere they will arise,
Attest by thousands victories!

But here, as in the battle's shock
 When natious join in fight,
Firmly upon this sea girt rock,
 That mocks old Ocean's might—
Thou standest now, as thou hast stood
Upon the field, that run with blood,
 Nor had a thought of flight--
Thy tomb is meet unto thy life,
Proud dweller in a world of strife.

What is a pillar'd spire to thee
 Whose glory like the sun,
The world, the living world must see
 And empires cannot shun—
No single spot, what o'er its name,
Can add one atom to thy frame—
 Thou art that single one,
Whose majesty of self, must make
Each spot a trophy for thy sake.

And far more fit unto thy pride,
 That still thy form should sleep
Upon the tomb where thou wast tried
 With torture stern and deep—
Of old, the martyr bore the wood,
On which he poured his choicest blood
 And fitter thou should'st keep,
Upon that isle of settled gloom,
Which saw thee suffer, still thy tomb.

More than triumphant arch can be
 That isle is now thy own—
And Nations oft'ner look to thee,
 Than on the imperial throne—
It is not now Saint Helen's strand
Nor Gaoler England's tribute land
 Her subject claim is gone,
Since first thy sepulchre she reared,
To bury him, the Nations fear'd.

Sleep in thy grave of triumph high,
 Thy fame its ruling God—
It is not, to the Pilgrim's eye
 A desolate abode!
The sun that cheers thy rock girt grave
Beholds that wild and gloomy wave
 By earth's way-farers trod—
From nations, far remots they steer,
To honor him who slumbers there.

They need no tablet to denote,
 Thy triumph and thy pride,
They ask—"Is this the lonaly spot
 Where great Napoleon died?"—
A mottoed or a trophied bust,
Were but a mockery of thy dust--
 When Albion these denied,
A greater triumph than her will,—
Sha gave thy fame, in trembling still

Her shame becomes thy trophy, then,
 And when thy deebs shall be,
A doubtful record among men,
 Her fears shall honor thee!--
The captive in his prison hall,
The nation's say, could still appal
 The Mistress of the Sea,—
Could still, like Eblis thrown and bound,
Rock the whole Earth's foundations round

And not like ether humbler foes,
 Did each choice ally, dare:
Herded, the monarch met thy blows
 Nor then conceal'd their fear,
They trembled, though o'erthrown, to chain
Their captive in their own domain--
 But in the ocean drear,
They call'd upon the rocks and sea,
To make a prison house for thee.

There take thy rest,—mausoleom meet,
 Which gathering worlds may see,
A column in a princely street,
 Could add no pride to thee—
For genius, less supreme than thine,
The brass of Austerlitz might shine—
 And fit memorial be;
For him, whose life was one long chain
Of glorious triumph, it were vain,

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 20, [illegible]

With this number we commence the second volume of the CONSTELLATION, and under favorable auspices. When we began the work a year ago, we had many disadvantages to contend with. Among others, was a prevailing opinion against the success of a new weekly paper—and particularly one of the description of ours. Many hebdomadals had been started, and after a brief existence, had ceased to be. This created a want of confidence in things of this kind, and people were ready to prophecy the failure of any similar undertaking. Notwithstanding these unfavorable omens, we have met with encouragement of a very flattering nature. We have a list of subscribers, very respectable in numbers, and most respectable in punctuality of payment, with few exceptions—which we beg may be exceptions no longer. We have but a word more to say on this occasion. Those who have travelled with us through the journey of the past year, whom we have endeavored to amuse, and who have cheered and encouraged us with their smiles and their patronage, he hope will not now quit company.

The reader will perceive we have changed the form of our paper. To those who are desirous of keeping files, the present will be the more convenient shape, as better calculated for binding. We hope it will please.

Should our advertising patronage increase, it is in contemplation to enclose the Constellation in a cover of colored paper, on which the advertisements may be printed, without encroaching on the present quantity of reading matter.

SUING FOR BREACHES.

Miss Tabitha Turnsole has a very ingenious mode of making money, which is no other than obtaining breaches of marriage promise, and prosecuting for the recovery of damages. Her method of doing business is this—she acts the coquette to perfection—she puts in requisition all her ogles and smiles—she employs all the winning ways with which nature and art have endowed her—in short she leaves nothing untried to conquer the heart of the swain whose money she has in view, until having drawn from him the offer of his hand, she begins by degrees to cool in her affections, and finally treats her lover in so heartless a manner, that he abandons her, in defiance of his own happiness.

This desertion is what she aims at. Having obtained it, she appears broken hearted, endeavors as well as she can to pine away in brokenness of heart for three or four weeks, when she never fails to bring an action for damages—having in each case taken especial care during the courtship to have indisputable proof of the marriage promise.

It is supposed that she is not altogether without advice and encouragement from her parents and friends, in matters of this kind. And this supposition arrises from several circumstances. In the first place, there is naturally in the heart of woman, we should hope, too much maidenly delicacy to make this sort of trafic in the affections, and expose the secrets of courtship to the world for the vile consideration of pecuniary gain. In the second place, Miss Turnsole was too young, in the beginning, to have laid schemes for breaches of promise, unaided by wiser and more experienced heads. In the third place, relations and friends are apt to be very busy in getting up and pushing forward prosecutions in cases of this kind, having themselves little feeling for the delicacy of the young lady, and hoping, oftentimes, to be directly or indirectly benefitted by the award of damages.

Miss Tabitha Turnsole had engaged in several preliminary flirtations before she was seventeen. But it was not until her eighteenth year, that she entered into anything like an effective courtship. The preliminaries were merely to test the power of her charms, before attempting a bolder experiment. Her first bona fide lover was a respectable young man, with a small property; and it is believed there were some small touches of love in the heart of the lady towards him; at least that she began to encourage his advances with some distant idea of accepting his hand. But whatever might have been her original feelings, they were soon swallowed up in the desire of trying her luck at a suit for a breach of promise.

What first put this idea into her head, and certainly encouraged it, was the case of her aunt Bridget Turnsole, who, after recovering a handsome sum of money for a breach of promise, had married another handsome sum, and was now living in great splendor. Miss Talatha's lover was not indeed very rich, and her conscience and her affections said nay to the suggestions of her avarice. But then on the other hand, small gains were not to be despised; and as for love and conscience, she solaced herself by considering that they were rather obsolete things, and not generally entertained in fashionable society.

But before bringing a suit for a breach of promise, it was necessary that such breach should take place. Her lover was faithful, and evidently much attached. There was no prospect then of a withdrawal on his part. And for her to withdraw, would have been placing the breach on the wrong side. But it occurred to her that a middle course might be pursued without hazard. She might so manage matters as that her lover should be induced to break off the match, and yet not be able to cast any tangible blame upon her. In that case a suit for damages would be sustained, and she might have the pleasure of pocketing what little money her lover possessed.

Miss Turnsole was mightily pleased with the ingenuity of her plan, and she did not long hesitate in putting it in execution. Her parents, too, liked the thing, for it would save them the expense of portioning their daughter in marriage. She was yet young enough to get two or three husbands, and the money she would gain by the suit would enable her to look higher in the world and make a more eligible match than the one in question. Tabitha was a smart girl, they said—let her alone for making her fortune. It was not worth while to be squeamish about affairs of the heart, to the detriment of one's interest, which was to be attended to in preference to any concern of false delicacy.

The parents and the daughter thus agreed, Miss Tabitha Turnsole did not long hesitate to commence the execution of her plan. She began by slow degrees to disengage herself from the heart of her lover—to treat him with such little instances of vexatious conduct, such slights and irritations, such trifling with his feelings, as in time to alienate his affections, and make him repent of ever having bestowed them so unworthily. The strongest attachment may be destroyed by a continued series of petty offences, perhaps more certainly than by any single instance of gross affront or glaring impropriety. There was in the conduct of Miss Turnsole no individual act to justify a withdrawal on the part of her lover; but there were a thousand almost nameless instances of trifling and vexatious behaviour, which rendered it impossible for him longer to think of marrying her with any prospect of happiness.

The consequence was as she had calculated. Her lover withdrew. She called him a barbarous man—a faithless lover—an unfeeling, changeable villain, who, after having won the affections of a confiding woman, and promised her marriage, had thus basely deserted her. She wet several handkerchiefs with tears, by the help of an onion—she threatened to die, and thus wring the heart of her faithless swain. In short, she put in requisition all the arts of apparent grief and acted her part so well, that people really thought she had been barbarously used, and that she would never get over it.

But they were mistaken in their woman. Miss Turnsole dried her eyes by degrees, using every day a less and less onion, until at last she wept no more; and instead of dying, the next session of the Common Pleas beheld her endeavoring to do away the remains of her grief by a suit for damages. The delicious secrets of courtship were exposed to the world; the judge and jury chuckled over them with exceeding gout; and a verdict of damages was awarded against the faithless lover, of an amount just equal to his whole property, being $2,000. It would have been of no use to the broken-hearted plaintiff to punish him further, so the Court in its mercy dismissed him with life, limb, and personal freedom.

As for Miss Turnsole, the breach in her heart was closed by this verdict, and she was ready to commence operations for procuring new breaches. The successful result of her first essay emboldened her to fly at larger game. Her next lover was a man worth $5,000. She was not destitute of personal charms, and succeeded without difficulty in winning his heart. The courtship went on prosperously and lovingly; but marriage was thought of only on one side. Miss Turnsole had other objects in view. The same means she employed so successfully alienate her former lover were not forgotten in the present case. Another breach was the consequence; more onions were required to draw the necessary quantity of tears; another suit was commenced; and, as judges and jurors are usually gallant men, another award of damages ensued, just sufficient, as in the former case, to cover the whole of the recreant lover's property. Thus this breach was also healed.

Miss Turnsole had now gained $7,000 by her suits for breaches. But she was not yet satisfied. New operations were commenced for new breaches. Her cap was now set for $9,000, the supposed property of a bachelor of forty. She succeeded also in this instance, and the jury punished the hardened old fellow by taking all he was worth.

Thus Miss Turnsole went on from breach to breach, bringing an action as often, on an average, as once a year, until she had amassed the sum of fifty thousand dollars. Her last victim was a blind widower with seven children, whom the court in their mercy fleeced to the bone, to close the mournful breach made in the heart of the tender and affectionate Miss Tabitha Turnsole.

It was the intention of this lady to marry as soon as she had made money enough by her prosecutions. But she never could be satisfied as to the amount. "I am still young enough," said she, "I will try once more, and this the last." She is now thirty years of age, and is still Miss Tabitha Turnsole, and is likely to continue so to the end of the chapter; for lovers have, some time since, begun to grow shy of a heart in which so many enormous breaches have been made, and which breaches require so large sums of money in the filling up.

ANECDOTE. We hope the following anecdote will not be considered *dry*, though it is on the subject of *thirst*.

Some laborers, who were, on an exceedingly warm day, hoeing corn for a farmer, complained bitterly that he gave them nothing to drink. "Why, my dear fellows," replied he, "what would you have?" 'Have!' said they "why we would have a little good whiskey and cool water." "Cold water," replied the farmer, "is detrimental, and whiskey is destructive." "Well, just as you please," said they, "but we will not hoe another hill without something to drink." "Now my good fellows," said the farmer, "why will you not act according to scripture? you know that says, '*Ho! every one that thirsteth*,' and surely you will not pretend to go contrary to your Bible."

"ALL FOR THE FRENCH PEOPLE."—Speaking of this expression in Joseph Bonaparte's letter, the Newburyport Herald says:—

It reminds us of a passage in the life of one of the German princesses, we believe, who came over to England with the Hanoverian dynasty, and who had not perfected herself in the King's-English. She, with other members of the royal family, was 'making a progress' in a stage coach through the streets of London, which were crowded by the populace, and meaning to share in the expressions of sympathy for the interests of the good people, cried out: 'we come here *for all your goods*;' 'Yes,' replied one of the crowd, 'and all our *chattels* too!'

CALF LOST.—The last Newburyport Herald contains the following advertisement:—

"Absconded from the Newburyport Poor House, about the first of July last, a man by the name of Moses Calf, an insane person. It would oblige his mother, a poor widow, if any person would inform her where he is, as she is very much concerned about him. Please to send him to his mother, at Capt. Anthony Francis', Newburyport."

A SNORER. In days of yore, when it was fashionable to wear the hair in a queue, a countryman was heard one Sunday snoring most sonorously at church. As he very much annoyed the congregation, the minister despatched the deacon to awaken him. The deacon approached on tip-toe, and was about to give him a smart jog, when, what was his astonishment to find his eyes wide open. "My gracious!" exclaimed the deacon, "who ever seed the like? a man snoring with his eyes open! Surely it is a judgment upon him for sleeping at church." A crowd gathered around, and various were the remarks made on the subject of the miracle, when it was finally discovered by an old lady in specs, that the poor man's hair was tied so close to his head, as effectually to prevent him from closing his eyes.

SALEM TRIALS. A verdict of *Guilty* has been returned against J. J. Knapp; and one of *Not Guilty* against George Crowninshield. The latter, however has been indicted for *misprision of felony*.

A GOURMAND. The Boston Galaxy has increased enormously in size, having swallowed up the Mercury, the American Manufacturer, and the United States Literary Advertiser. We should not like to be in its way.

DOUBLING DUPLEX. We notice in the papers the marriage of a Mr. Creed to a Miss Duplex. *Creeds* should have no *duplicity*.

ABOLITION OF D. D. The Synod of the Western Reserve, Ohio, have decreed that they will have no more D. D's. among the preachers in their connexion.

STINGLESS BEES. Dr. Mitchell is said to have received a swarm of bees from Mexico without stings. Perhaps also they are without honey.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

WARM WEATHER READINGS.

BY ISRAEL ICICLE.

What a pity there is not some moral specific, that might operate on impure minds like an emetic on a foul stomach.

If the features of the heart could be delineated on canvass as correctly as the lines of the countenance, would so many sit for portraits of the former as now do for those of the latter?

Show me the novel in the composition of which love is not a large ingredient, and I will show you the book I never read.

Never attempt to speak while eating—the human mouth is too narrow a channel for words to pass up and food down, at the same time.

By too much learning many a man has been made mad—but never one from the want of it. Hence some would draw an argument against learning; but as well might the advantages of steam be called into question, because when raised too high, an explosion sometimes takes place.

The true secret of conversation, is to speak right on without premeditating words and phrases. First thoughts are often the best, and so are first words.

Eels, upon the table, always set me speculating upon their food. Perhaps their last meal was the body of a fellow being—the idea always destroys my appetite for them.

We are never so liable to be deceived ourselves as when we are attempting to deceive others. Coquettes are oftener duped themselves, than they dupe their suitors.

A Dutch dandy smoking a pipe and a pig chewing tobacco, is an interesting design for a snuff box.

Schoolmasters, as they grow old, become dogmatical and peevish. I know not how to explain this, unless it is that the relation of master and slave is taught to exist between him and his pupils.

The fashions form a circle, in which the old ones are constantly recurring as new. Even the Quakers are in fashion a number of times in a century. Would it not be well for others to imitate their example in standing still, where the difficulty is so great of keeping up in the race?

A woman always takes occasion to show off her handsome points—are her teeth white and regular, she laughs frequently—is her foot small she is addicted to short dresses—is her hand pretty, she is fond of back-gammon and cards. Art contrives a thousand expedients to reveal what nature has made perfect, while her defective workmanship is carefully concealed from view.

Pen, ink, and paper, are small things in themselves, but they have produced greater effects than the sword, the mitre, or the crown.

To become a politician, one must have a limber back, a well oiled tongue, and an india rubber conscience, or else like an ill-roasted egg, he is damned all of one side.

Few things trouble a man more than the loss of his dinner.

NEW-YORK!

BY JOHN HENRY SHERBURNE, ESQ.

Great City! Columbia's boast and pride,
O'er land and sea, thy name spreads far and wide;
Thy stately barques in every clime appear,
And distant shores resound thy seaman's cheer.

Thy merchants too, unrivall'd honors claim,
For enterprize have earn'd a deathless name;
Though rich at home, to foreign lands they stray,
For glittering gewgaws trade their wealth away.

Safe from the winds and crowded to the shore,
A thousand vessels wait, t' increase thy store,
And splendid steamers catch the admiring eye
And o'er thy sparkling waters gaily fly.

It was thy Clinton, whose aspiring soul
Bade Erie's flood to noble Hudson roll;
Who wav'd his hand, and mountains lowly bow'd
The rocks divided, and the waters flow'd

Go on—and while thy classic Temples rise,
And lofty domes ascend thy temperate skies,
Thy matchless name shall sound from Pole to Pole,
Till Hudson's kingly waters cease to roll.

A CONNECTICUT SEA-CAPTAIN.

Shortly after the late revolution in France, there arrived at the little island of Key West a Connecticut sloop, laden with a cargo of notions to be disposed of among its inhabitants. The latter, however, were far more anxious to obtain the news, than to purchase the commodities of the Yankee Captain. No sooner had he reached the shore, than a thousand questions were asked him, as to the truth of the different reports which were in circulation.

"Is the King dethroned?" inquired one.

"Have the Ministers fled?" asked another.

"Are the people in arms?" interrogated a third.

These and many other inquiries of a similar import, saluted the ears of our Captain, who hoisting up his wide-spread trowsers—an operation, of which from the want of suspenders, there was frequent necessity—and squirting out a mouthful of tobacco juice, thus replied:

"Yess, tis all a fact—a right down fact—true as a sarmunt, every bit on't. The king has absconded and they've advertised him in the York papers for a runaway, and cineral De la Fayette is made the president, sure as guns. As to the other combustions in France, I dont know so much about 'em—cause why, d'ye see? I'm not none of your speculating characters, and dont trouble myself about the consarns of other people—but if any on ye want to buy some real silver skin cents, I'm skipper of the Mary Jane and have got a lot right from Weathersfield in Connecticut there, as good as ever ye see in your life, and should be happy to serve ye."

Thus ended the speech of the Captain, but whether he found a market for his "cents" we did not stop to ascertain. The last we saw of him, was in the little tavern on the island, endeavouring to swap off a bunch of "the real Weathersfields" for a glass of gin; but on mine hostess informing him that she had nothing but brandy and rum in her decanters, the Captain said "he guessed he wouldn't trade, as he didn't drink them are sinful liquors ever since he joined the temperance society in Connecticut there, and they'd make a terrible town talk about it if they knew he drank any thing stronger than gin."

COSMOPOLITE.

QUIPS AND QUAVERS.

NO. III.

THE ANNUALS.

The annuals—the annuals—Oh what a splendid thing
Of grown-up children's picture books, to sweet the tide of song;
They come by thousands, like the cakes of gilded gingerbread,
That turns at Christmas holidays, each berry youngster's head.

See what a blessed title page! all redolent of flowers,
And little Cupids sleeping in their honey-suckle bowers,
Or clouds of perfume on the wind to swell the rosy soul,
That all made up of rosy wreaths is dancing in the gale.

And Oh the divinty pictures too—to please the fair one's eye—
And the stories full of sentiment to make the fellows cry;
Tales of the red man and the wrecks—of murder lurking near—
To make each gentle bosom thrill with sympathising fear.

And what enchanting poetry is glittering in the book,
About a pair of blue eyes, or the babbling of a brook;
There, by some doleful youth, the knell of parted hopes is sung,
And melancholy rhymes are writ of anguished bosoms wrung.

The boy whose feet have never trod in poet paths before,
May here in beauteous capitals his own sweet name adore;
May spread the page in ecstacy to his enraptured sight,
Re read his lovely name, and doubt if yet he reads aright.

They are his own—the verses there, "unlibidinously bland—"
And his dear name is mingled with the magnates of the land;
The aspirant admires the ease with which the task is done,
And rejoices that the path to fame is such a flowery one.

These are the books the sighing swains bestow upon the fair;
And every lady's toilet is provided with a pair;
The paper is so silky soft, so exquisitely thin,
The praises of the beautiful they're always sure to win.

Oh the blessed annuals!—What dainty toys they are,
To win a witching smile—perhaps a favour—from the fair;
And 'tis to every lady's lisp, on every dandy's tongue,
"I think our poets sing as sweet as Mister Milton sung!"

TWISTEM & Co.

It is said, that a few hours previous to the death of Rosseau, he requested one of his servants to carry him to a window, that he might behold for the last time the sun set, amidst the delightful scenery of France.

Gaze on, thou unbelieving one,
Take thy last lingering glance,
Of yon bright glorious setting-sun;
'Twill rise again on France,
'Twill crimson oft her tow'r and stream,
It even on thy tomb may beam;
But never o'er that marble brow,
Again its lustre will it throw.

No, infidel,—thine hour is come,
Ere yet another day,
Hath issued from nights shadowy gloom,
A lifeless wreck thou'lt lay;
And that high gifted soul of thine,
Born like a sun, 'mid stars to shine,
Whose powers vast, and genius high,
Mind's loftiest own'd,—that too must die!

'Tis false,—and wrong thy creed hath said!
No! ne'er to man was given,
A soul to moulder with the dead:—
It's right'ful home is heaven!
Thine was created there to live,
When earth her myriads back shall give!
But now,—alas! thy days are gone,
And heaven by thee, can ne'er be won!

In gorgeous tomb thy dust may lie,
Men long thy loss may mourn;
And Fame will bear thy memory,
To ages yet unborn.
But who, to be like thee, would crave
A deathless name?—beyond the grave
Thou durst not look;—there all is night,—
Not even hope, thy path can light!

New-York, Nov. 1830. E. B. L.

THEATRICAL

HAMLET. I last week promised to notice something of the manner and readings of Hamlet by Mr. J. J. Adams, on his last appearance. In the opening of the piece, particularly during the second scene, of the first act, he was deficient in animation, but in the commencement of the fourth scene he evinced more energy, and at the first appearance of the ghost, when Horatio, says,

"Look, my lord, it comes!"

the natural position in which he appeared to unconsciously place himself, at seeing the apparition was irresistably imposing, and in the after part of the scene, when on the eve of following the spirit, but he is partially restrained by Horatio and Marcellus, and says,

"Still am I call'd—unhand me gentlemen;
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me,"

was given with entirely a new reading, by making a pause with pointed emphasis, at the words *make a ghost* of him that lets me, &c. strongly evincing that Hamlet's mind at that time was intently upon the ghost, and which we conceive to be the correct reading of the passage.

The soliloquy, "to be or not to be," was beautifully read,—and immediately after his meeting the "fair Ophelia," and during the whole scene with her, was happily delivered in fact the passage instantly following the remark of Ophelia—

"I was the more deceived,"

commencing, "Get thee to a nunnery," &c. we have seldom seen equalled.

The chamber scene with the queen, although pourtraying the strongest affervescence of feeling, was perfectly free from the least approximation to rant,—an error into which (as 'twere unthinkingly) all the actors of the present day seem to glide—particularly Mr. C. Kean, on Monday evening last, during this scene, in "speaking daggers" to his mother, when he utters the words,

"Oh shame! where is thy blush! Rebellious hell,
If thou can'st mutine in a matrons bones," &c.

instead of turning from her at the apostrophe—Rebellious hell, &c. he kept his eyes intently on his mother's face—too palpable an error, for a scholar to make. We could note down a host of them—but enough—

On the re-appearance of the ghost when Hamlet rises from his seat—the queen with him, and addressing himself to it—says;

"Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?"

together with the conclusion of the scene was given in that peculiar tone of voice, and correct punctuation, that conveyed its meaning to every one competent to judge, what Hamlet's feelings must have been, when thus circumstanced.

The concluding scene of the last act was rather defective—particularly after Hamlet takes the cup from Horatio, and says,

"What a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown shall live behind me?"

it wanted more of the paralysing sensation of apparent dissolution.

We have seen the character frequently played and hazard the assertion in saying, that the conception and readings of Mr. Adams' Hamlet, stands equal if not superior to any representation of the Philosophic Prince we have ever witnessed. ALLOR.

W. L. GARRISON.

We have read a report of the case of Francis Todd, of Newburyport, *vs.* W. L. Garrison, late editor of a Baltimore anti-slavery paper, for a libel and we cannot but think the verdict of the jury doubtful in law, or if legal, unreasonable in point of damages. Mr. Garrison edited a paper, devoted, we believe from the best motives, to the best of purposes. The charge that he made against Mr. Todd was, that he transported in his vessel, a cargo of slaves from Maryland to Louisiana, there to be sold in the market, and that they, or a part of them, were in irons, or were put in irons during the passage, and were otherwise treated harshly. For this Mr. Garrison declared that he would cover Mr. Todd "with thick infamy." Mr. G. also *inferred* that Mr. T. had made his property by carrying such freights.

We presume that the main fact of freighting a ship with negroes from one port of the United States to another, would be no libel even if *false*, because this is a legal and usual business, with which it is no more libellous to charge a man than to say that he had caught a freight of fish and carried them to market. The main fact however was admitted to be true; but it was denied that the slaves were carried to *be sold*, they being already sold to a humane master [Mr. Milligan]. It was also denied that the slaves were ironed or otherwise harshly treated. These denials not having been rejoined to by the defendant, and having in fact been supported by the evidence of the captain and another or two must be taken as correct, and Mr. Garrison's statements as erroneous, in the subordinate particulars of the irons, the harsh treatment and intended sale at New-Orleans.

It does seem to us that to say a man puts a slave in irons, whip him or sell him, is not *facie prima* a libel, even though false; because these are lawful acts for slave owners to do, and they are done every day. If the writing state that such acts were done without cause, or to an unreasonable extent where there was cause, such writing, if untrue, might be a libel.

At all events it was and is evident that Mr. Garrison's intent and aim was to direct the force of public opinion against the sale and bondage of human beings "born free and equal," (as a *certain Declaration* says,) and against all persons, *particularly Yankees*, who in any way co-operate in it or profit by it. In so doing he attacked the *laws* more than he did Mr. Todd, or at least equally with him, for he charged Mr. T. with nothing which the laws of any State or of the United States do not allow under certain circumstances, and no circumstances whatsoever were stated, thus leaving the case open for the reader and the court to suppose justifiable as readily as unjustifiable cause. Here the maxim that every thing is to be construed in the *milder sense* was applicable. Mr. Garrison had a perfect right, and in our opinion deserves praise for "covering with infamy" as "thick" as he could, any slave dealer, slave owner, (*voluntarily* becoming or remaining such,) or slave agent or driver in the world. All the infamy which he could heap upon them on the general grounds of violating the laws of God and nature, and justice and humanity, in trading in human flesh, or putting men in bondage, or holding them there longer than is absolutely necessary, was and is just, lawful, praiseworthy and profitable to the Commonwealth, and no libel at all; and we doubt very much whether the particular allegations of *putting in irons, treating harshly*, and *carrying to market* are in themselves libellous, though false.

We fully concur in the remarks of the editor of the Worcester Yeoman:

Mr. Garrison is extensively known as the fearless, faithful and public spirited advocate for the liberation of slaves from bondage. He is worthy of the good wishes and patronage of every friend to America and the rights of man, and we hope his loss will be in some way made up to him.

Massachusetts Journal.

We once sent a minister to France who was deaf, and who did not speak French. Madam de Stael called him the *deaf and dumb minister*.

SAM PATCHISM.

On Monday morning last, just before the sun peeped over the eastern hills, we took a stroll around the Bridge, to behold, as a cotemporary hath it, "the wonders of human *nater*." As we stood on the northern part of the Bridge, we saw a man merging from the back yard of Monsieur Payerne's, and attempting to gain the adjacent street, by clambering round an old building, which separates the Washington Insurance office from Cove-street. The tide was uncommonly high, and the *gentleman* had to walk on the edge of a projecting timber, scarce six inches wide. He had progressed about half the distance, when he found the path was too narrow to admit of passage. To get back was impossible, and to proceed was the same thing. In this dilemma, the *gentleman* found it was expedient to leap, and he did so; but alas for his jacket and pantaloons, he plunged up to his arm pits in the bosom of the river. We ran to his assistance, and after getting him out, we inquired of him why it was that he attempted so dangerous a pass.

Whilst the poor fellow shivered like an aspen leaf, he said to us, "Wy mister, you see I works ard all day, and at night I gets corned on the crater, and heats winegar and cabbage. So ye see, mister, last night I gets corned and this here morning I feel werry unvel, and so I thinks if I gets up and takes the morning hair, I'll not feel so werry queerish. And so I ons with my duds, an as I dont like to wake up them are folks that lives in the ouse, I thinks I'll come up this here way, and go to the shops, and get a little air of the same dog wot bites me, and that are you know be mainish good for a werry unwell gemmen. So ye see, mister, I be come this here way, and splash I goes into the water; and oh my sakes, how werry cold I does feel. Mister, cant ye give a werry unwell gemmen a little bit of the heavy, to buy him a drop or so of the cratur?"

We thanked the "werry wet and werry unwell gentleman," wat was in want of the crater for his werry interesting narrative, and advised him to quit the practices of Sam Patch, and never to pass that there way, when he was werry cornish, and bade him good morning.

Providence Sulaltern.

Lambeth Street. A young couple, whose honey-moon was barely in the wane, appeared before the Magistrates to detail their matrimonial grievances. The lady was about 18, exceedingly pretty and smartly dressed, and used a pair of sparkling black eyes in darting looks of disdain at her puny and somewhat sheepish-looking helpmate. The lady claimed the privilege of her sex, and of first addressing the Magistrates, and with characteristic volubility opened a tirade of invective, in which she was ably supported by the female branches of the family. She said that her husband, who was a journeyman painter and glazier, had commenced ill using her only five days after the marriage knot had been tied.—Since then he had continued to beat, one of the mildest, (to use her own accounts) and most forbearing wives in existence.

"Ask her how she got that fine bonnet and ribands, please your Worship," said the husband sneeringly.

The Magistrate put the question as desired and elicited that she had taken her husband's tools to the pawnbroker's to raise the "needful."

"There," said the glazier, "that's only a part of her conduct. I comes home about 6 o'clock from work, and when I wants my wife she's gadding about wherever she likes, and comes home at all hours. I haven't a button on my shirt, or a pair of stockings that isn't like a cabbage-net, and when I tell her to stay at home, and keep me tidy, she fetches her three sisters, and they all fall upon me, and whip me out of the house. She told me, only the other day, that, if I met her walking with a gentleman, I was to go about my business, and take no notice at all about it."

Mr. Walker said this was a puzzling case, as the faults appeared to be equally divided. He should, however dismiss the warrant, cautioning the families, on either side, not to interfere, and, if possible, for the parties to live together in harmony.

A letter from Paris, dated 7th ult. states that a large party of American gentleman with their ladies, have been invited to the palace of Louis Philip, who with his Queen gave them a very flattering reception. Gen. Lafayette prepared the list of invite guests at the express desire of the King.

Mr. Randolph said to Juba at their parting, "My remains will be sent to Virginia, in spirits. Bury them under the old oak on my plantation. Turn my head to the east, *I wish to look westward*." [Bost. Com. Gaz.]

Mr. Randolph, it is said, charged the Captain of the Concord with stealing his corn beef and porter, besides other things belonging to his outfits.

From the Comic Annual

THE WATER DRINKER.

The most eminent physicians are full in the opinion, that nearly every case reported of death, from drinking cold water, is, in fact, a *death from drinking* RUM."

Essay on Intemperance.

"Bless my soul! four more laborers killed by drinking cold water! These temperance folks are too rash! I declare it frights me!

These words came from Mr. Jonathan Sucker, as he set in the bar-room of a country inn, reading a morning paper. "Cold water is a thing I particularly admire; but folks should not be too rash. The *chill* should be taken off."

"That's what I always told you," replied an old fisherman, with a face as red and hard as a lobster shell; "your great folks that talk so much about cold water are never killed by drinking it; it is always the poor laborer. It isn't right. That are is not my way!"

"Captain Jerdan, you mistook me. I was always for cold water—but never for an excitement. When they asked me to join their temperance society, I implored them to keep cool. Gentlemen, said I, be moderate, Don't go too fast. Cold water is a thing I have recommended all my life. Ask Captain Jerdan, the fisherman. He will tell you how I have cautioned him against the bottle. The captain, says I, drinks too much. They call him Junk-bottle Jerdan."

"Junk-bottle or no junk-bottle, I pay for my grog and I mean to drink it. As for my killing myself with cold water, I won't do it.—That are is not my way."

"Captain Jerdan, I have been a water drinker all my life. I have drunk—bless my soul—enough to swim your craft! Nothing in the world is so refeshing as cold water. I could drink now—I dare not say how much. Appetites should be restrained. It does not do to be too rash. I *know* it."

Thus spake Jonathan Sucker before the assembled patrons of the Punch Bowl. There is something in the history of this enthusiast that may well be told.

Jonathan Sucker was the last remaining scion of a great family of suckers, which once, overspread the country. But the fever of emigration carried off a portion of the stock to other parts. The sucker of whom I speak, descended from a branch that had early been transplanted to Boston, where it flourished for a time as if it would overrun the town. But at length this great family became reduced to five persons, only one of which belonged to the ruder sex. The four Misses Sucker died in single blessedness—not from any lack of suitors, nor yet, from a settled hatred to matrimony in the abstract. They merely would not be induced to *change their name.* "Mr. Leach," said the last Miss Sucker, "your eloquence subdues my heart, but I cannot yield up the name of Sucker—not even for that of Leach." Thus their brother Jonathan was the only survivor of their race. He married the amiable widow Seal, but the union was not auspicious. They had but one child, who was called Sear Sucker, after both his parents; but death soon nipped his shoot—Thus had the genealogical tree of the Suckers—

——Fallen into the sear and yellow leaf

It is astonishing how soon an "old family" will run out in a new country. In England, now, the Suckers would have held on to eternity.

The last of the Suckers was a tailor by profession, or rather by birth: for he stepped into his father's clothes by inheritance. The same shop, the same bench, the same measures served for both. He followed on in his parent's exact steps, neither moving to the right hand or nor the left. The fashions of the father's day were not so current in the son's; but Jonathan was obstinate, and refused to alter. He thought that the world might as properly conform to his views, as he change to their's. Therefore he scorned to yield one jot to popular opinion. He persisted in cutting his clothes in the old fashion. As well might you drive a camel through the eye of a needle, as persuade Jonathan to push his through a piece of cloth not shaped in the old way. For instance, fastening up the pantaloons by suspenders is of modern date. Formerly the garment was kept in its place by the waistband, which came tight around the body, and divided it as by a hinge, into two distinct parts like a wasp's. The old costomers of the shop idolized this fashion, but it did not please their children, who would be wiser than their fathers. The latter did not wish to have the folds of their linen to puff out between their upper and nether garments as from a joint in a coat of mail. But Jonathan would humor none of their whims. He declared he would starve, sooner than yield to the world's caprice. "I have enough," said he "for a decent support. If the new generation will make apes of themselves, they shall not have my aid and countenance." How many are there like Jonathan Sucker, who had rather give up all business, than change their "rules" and fall in with the turn of the times!

I have said that Mr. Sucker clung to older fashions with all a leech's tenacity. Would that his patrons had possessed the same generous consistency. But alas! such was not the fact. They sought "new born gauds, and gave to dust a little gilt, more laud than gold o'er dusted." Still Jonathan persevered, and saw customer after customer dropping away, with stern indignation, like the Jews in English history, who permitted tooth after tooth to be extracted, rather than part with their treasures: but, unlike the Jews, he did not finally yield to half of his patrons, what he had refused to retain them all. His opinions were his own, and he prided himself in opposing innovation.

His father had been a very temperate man, and so was Jonathan. His father had been a great water drinker, and so was Jonathan. His father always took a drop of spirit in his water, and so did Jonathan. It was done to "take off the chill and kill the insects," for it is an old saying that water contains animacules as well as vinegar, and that it is dangerous to take it into the stomach in a cold and raw state. But old Mr. Sucker was very moderate with the bottle, and so was Jonathan. Just one drop was sufficient—only that the chill should be taken off.

It is true that Jonathan drank more water than his revered parent—perhaps because he had better opportunities. The depression of businesss allowed him more leisure to drink. And it happened the more water he drank, the greater was his thirst. Perhaps nothing is more seductive to an idle man than a glass of cold water in a sultry day—especially when you "take off the chill." You drink and you talk, and you talk until you almost desire to become a fish in the ocean. But alas! there is such an expanse of water that all the spirit in the world would not "take off the chill," nor "kill the insects," and so you must take it raw.

It was unlucky for Mr. Sucker, that being so great a water drinker he should not have owned a better pump. It was as dry as a sucking child, nine months in the year, and the rest of the time it was frozen up. Consequently Mr. Sucker had to depend on his neighbours for water, and he was a frequent visitor at the public house of Mr. Switchell. "There is no water like neighbour Switchell's" he would say to his friends, and the quantity he drank tested his sincerity. He was at the tavern half his time. But Mr. Sucker was never known to call for a glass of liquor in his life. He always was opposed to dram-drinking. This is his language.

"Give me another glass of your cool water friend Switchell." Mine host thereupon went to his pump and obtained a fresh supply. "Do you take any spirit, neighbour Sucker?"—"Barely one drop to take off the chill, and prevent it from striking into the stomach.;" or, "just a single grain to settle the insects;" or, "a mere dust to take off the Boston tang;" or "a *leetle*, a single spoonful, by way of medicine—this Boston water is dreadful to a slender constitution—I *know* it."

It was the same with him at the house of a friend. The good old lady would say to her visiter—"it is only a compliment to offer you some spirit, Mr. Sucker?" "Certainly, madam I have not drunk a glass of liquor these twenty years: but I will take a little of your nice water." "It is rather cold, Mr. Sucker—shall I not tinge it with brandy?" "Barely one drop madam to take off the chill."

"Ah!" he would then say, smacking his lips, "what *is* better than a glass of cold water! They tell of your Maderia, and your Champaine, and your cogniac—give *me* a glass of COLD WATER and take the whole of them."

As Mr. Sucker was often at the tavern, he took frequent occasions to utter his opinion! and few of Switchell's customers swallowed their grog without a dissertation from Professor Sucker on the superior virtues of cold water.

"Mr. Dewey, that is fine brandy. Our friend Switchel keeps choice liquors—but give me the pure element! Water, sir, cold water—there is nothing like it! I *know* it."

"Doctor Chambers, I am sorry to have such an account of poor Boozy. Intemperance is a fatal disease. I told Boozy where his drams would bring him. Water, said I, cold water, my dear Boozy, would give firmness to your legs. There is nothing so good for the stomach. I *know* it."

"Mr. Wells I hear they have made you a town officer. I hope you will take measures at once to improve Boston water. An aqueduct to Spot Pond is much wanted. Half the diseases in this town come from bad water. I *know* it."

"Ah! Patrick, so yon have come to fill up your bottles. I see you get on bravely in scratching up the dock. I am sorry I cannot make you drink nothing but water. It is just the thing for the dock-diggers."

"And is it yourself, Mr. Sucker, that would be for putting could water into the stomach o' me, when myself has been standing up to the neck in black mud all day?"

"Nothing better for the stomach, Patrick, than cold water. It throws you into a charming perspiration. I *know* it. And so, Mr. Switchell, I will take another glass of your nice water. Only one drop of spirit—that will do. Ah! that is excellent!"

Such was Mr. Sucker's conversation at the tavern, where I said he was an honored visitor. No man could be a greater advocate for cold water, nor a more decided enemy to strong liquors. He was looked upon as a prodigy of temperance by the hard drinkers; and indeed he thought so of himself. He was utterly unconscious that the "drop of spirit" which he introduced into his cups for medicinal purposes, was laying the foundation of habitual intemperance. His frequent draughts of "cold water," seriously affected his health. The truth was, he had imperceptibly acquired a taste for distilled liquor, for which he had a continual hankering. Still he was insensible of the fact, and much did he marvel at his growing fondness for drink. "Bless my soul!" he would say, "how water improves on acquaintance. Every day I have to increase my allowance. Why will not other people confine themselves to water? They are obstinate, blind, infatuated! I *know it*!"

But Mr. Sucker's health evidently declined, and he determined to remove into the country, for change of water. "I think" said he, "they will never build this aqueduct to Spot Poud, and I may as well depart at once. But where shall I go? I read in the history of this colony, that the earliest settlers of Boston, like myself, suffered much from bad water; and they departed further up the river, to a place which they afterwards called *Water*town. I will imitate the deeds of my ancestors." The next day Mr. Sucker said to his neighbors, "I cannot stand this Boston water any longer. I am going to reside at Watertown."

One afternoon in June, 1828, a new face appeared in the public room of the Punch-Bowl inn, at Watertown. It belonged to an elderly gentleman, whose swelling abdomen and very slender legs betokened a dropsical affection. His countenance was pale, his eyes grey and watery, and his mouth had a peculiar and sinister expression. This was caused by the singular formation of his lips, which were uncommonly large, flexible, and puckered like those of a leech, or that species of eel called the lamprey. He was dressed in a dark green coat, with waistcoat and breeches of a similar complexion. Beside him stood a fresh pitcher of water. He sat conversing with the company on the comparitive merits of Boston and country water. The latter he averred, was decidedly the best. This expression he repeated several times, adding, with great emphasis—"I *know* it. There is no comparison at all between them. Gentlemen, I *know* it."

Presently, a sailor-looking personage bolted in, wrapped up in a shabby pea-jacket dripping with wet, like a huge water dog. His face was as red and tough as a piece of sole-leather. He was evidently one of those amphibious animals that assume to "follow the seas" in the *country*, and are impenetreble to cold or heat, wind or weather, who by hard drinking become pickled and preserved in liquor, to whose skin it seems as grateful as tanner's bark to a hide. It was Junk-bottle Jerdan the fisherman, after his black strap. He had come from drawing the seine wet as a flounder, puffing like a porpoise. He was as eager for his grog as a child for its mother's milk. Mine host filled his bottle, and Captain Jerdan threw out his quid, hitched up his trowsers, and prepared to take a hearty swig; but Mr. Sucker arose, and suddenly intercepted his arm on its way to the lips.

"My friend," said he, impressingly, "let me persuade you to set down that burning draught, and brace up your stomach with a glass of this excellent water."

Old Jerdan paused. One eye glanced at the offered pitcher, and the other squinted queerly at the speaker's face. It was but for an instant. He roughly shook off the arm of his friendly adviser, and gulphed a long and lingering draught of the blackstrap.

"Beg your pardon," said he gruffly, "but that are is not my way!

All Mr. Suckers attempts at reform were equally unsuccessful, and, I am pained to add, his health did not rapidly mend on country water. The villagers of Watertown assented to the virtues of water, but they would not drink it so as to have fins grow out of their backs. Junk-bottle Jerdan was the most incorrigible of all. In vain Professor Sucker dwelt on the luxury of water, and drank glass after glass, in his sight. Old Junk was as hard as a flint "As for *swallowing* water," said he, "that are is not my way I have enough of it in the way of business; for in catching fish I souse in over head and ears. But I take good care to keep it out of the stomach. If the water gets there I'm gone."

By the newspapers Mr. Sucker became advised of the efforts made to check the vice of intemperance. He entered warmly into the plan, and gave it his hearty approbation.—"These water societies," said he, "are going to bring people to their senses. I am glad to see them make a stir at Boston. If they all take to water, the aqueduct will be built to Spot Pond."

At length the genial state of reform extended to Watertown, and measures were taken to raise an Auxiliary Society at that place. A Temperance Committee waited on the water-drinker to enlist his powerful co-operation.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Sucker, fervently, "your efforts are refreshing to my soul. I have been a water-drinker all my life, and all the Suckers before me. No tongue can tell what pains I have taken to bring the hard drinkers to reason."

"We are going, Mr. Sucker, for total abstinence. Not a drop of distilled liquor is to be drunk or sold. We must strike at the *root* of the tree."

"Right, gentleman," said Sucker; "I am always for beginning at the root. Spirits should be used only as medicine. I always said it."

"Medicine or no medicine, we go for *total* abstinence."

"Exactly gentleman I am entirely for cold water; but the chill must be taken off, and a bare drop of spirit"—

"Chill or no chill," Mr. Sucker, "we go for the *whole*. Not a drop for any purpose."

"Decidedly right, gentlemen;—but the insects—water contains insects. We must kill the insects, and the least drop of spirit"—

"Not a drop on any account. Insects or no insects, chill or no chill, medicine or no medicine, we go for total abstinence. Moderate drinking is the downhill road to intemperance."

"But, gentleman, the chill must be taken off! bless my soul! not kill the insects?—Drink cold water without taking off the chill! Why it would be fatal to a sponge! Surely, gentlemen, a mere drop of spirit—a dust—a fraction"—

"We cannot allow a drop, Mr. Sucker, for any purpose. This is our rule.—Will you sign this agreement?"

"I will sign any thing, gentlemen, in favor of cold water. But we *must* take off the chill Bless my soul! consider how many people are killed every year by not taking off the chill. And then the insects—why gentlemen, the insects will eat us up. I *know* it."

The temperance Committee could make nothing of Mr. Sucker, and they left him.—He was for old fashioned temperance, which allowed for taking off the chill, and for killing the insects. He maintained his views with all the obstinacy of a Sucker that had relinquished his trade, rather than cut his cloth in the new-fangled fashions of the time.

Mr. Sucker was not discouraged by this rebuff He continued to praise cold water, but henceforth with a reservation, to prevent mistakes—"Cold water—with the chill off—is a beautiful drink. Taken in large quantities, it must be divested of the chill. The insects must be destroyed. A drop of spirit can hurt nobody, and it kills the insects and takes off the chill. I doat on cold water; but it must be sweetened with a drop of spirit. The chill is fatal. I *know* it."

The great number of deaths from cold water mentioned in the papers confirmed his opinion. "Bless my soul!" he would say, "what will come of this excitement? Four more deaths to-day by cold water! Such rashness is incredible! Why do they not off the chill? Why do they not kill the insects? Bless my soul! where should I have been, if these new-fangled temperance folks had dissuaded me from taking off the chill? Not here. I *know* it."

The water-drinkers never returned to Boston The Spot Pond aqueduct was not built, and he died at Watertown. There was much diversity of opinion respecting the cause of his death The newspapers gave different accounts Some astributed it to water, and others to liquor. Doctors differed. Junk-bottle Jerdan was confident he fell a victim to cold water. Others were certain he died from intemperance. Truth might lie between, for it is with liquor as with learning,—

"A *little* tippling it a dangerous thing—
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

A village politician in France told his wife that the Netherlands had risen. "That's lucky," replied the good woman, "it will no longer be exposed to innudations."

The following toast was lately given at a supper—"South Corolina politics—their sweet potatoes are the only *radical* notions that will go down in New England."

SELECTED POETRY.

THE COTTAGE CONTRAST.

Nulla est sincera voluptas.
Solicitumque aliquid lætis intervenit.

HAD I the least of little farms,
A chatty wife to bless my arms,
A chubby child to frisk and play,
To sleep all night and romp all day,
A snug thatch'd house, though small, yet warm,
A dog to bark in case of harm,
A sturdy horse, a good fat cow,
The last to milk the first to plough,
A fine fat pig, a pleasing book,
An honest friend, a babbling brook,
A distant church its chimes to ring,
A neighbouring wood for birds to sing,
A garden gay a swarm of bees,
A dabbling duck, some gabbling geese,
A cackling hen, a crowing cock,
A cask of ale a kitchen clock,—
Had I but these, then, free from cares,
I'd laugh, and sing, and say my prayers;
Happy to live, content to die,
What prince more truly blest than I?
Then grant, kind Fortune, if you please,
I may be gratified with these;
Man wants but little more, I guess,
Nor should he be content with less.
Unhappy man! 'tis sad to see
Thy various turns of destiny!
'Twixt good and ill for ever lost,
From pleasure still to misery tost;
Through life's dark wilderness we grope,
Depress'd by fear, revived by hope;
Still poring o'er the text we look,
Till Death steps in and shuts the book,
Thrice blest in deed, had mortals been,
If friends for ever might remain;
If kindred kind and parents dear
Did multiply from year to year:
The old remain the young increase,
In circling harmony and peace
The lots of man two pitchers fill;
One holds the good, and one the ill.
No mortal yet could ever drain
The cup of pleasure free from pain;
Nor ever pain fill up the measure
Without some corresponding pleasure
The wisest seem content to quaff
A mixture fair of half and half.
As precious gems, opake and dark,
Condens'd retain their native spark,
Till science points the artful way
To liberate the slumb'ring ray,
Then, sparkling o'er some sordid foil,
Its beaming splendours gaily smile;
So to comparison we owe
One half our sense of weal and wo.
Thus sun and rain, thus hopes and fears,
Alternate fill the circling years;
Thus youth and age, thus strength, disease,
With smiles and tears, and toils and ease
Together mix'd, combine, compound,
Connect, and fill the mortal round;
And on their systematic strife
Depends the balanc'd beam of life.
Content and health, two standing dishes,
Compose the best of human wishes.
This happy Medium understood
Leads in its train each earthly good;
For sweet content, where'er she goes,
Brings peace of mind and sound repose,
And health attends on every station,
With exercise and moderation;
And blest are those that early find
This equal balance of the mind,
Nor high, nor low, nor rich, nor poor,
In worth and innocence secure!
But wit, 'tis said, when best is brief
'Tis very true—so turn the leaf.
Now we'll proceed the scene to vary,
To view my life when quite contrary.
My barking dog begins to bite;
My chubby child cries all the night;
My sturdy horse has got the glanders;
The fox devours my geese and ganders;
My fine fat pig has got the measles;
My hens are worried by the weasels;
The ducks destroy my garden seeds,
And all my flowers are choak'd with weeds;
My cackling cock forgets to crow;
My kitchen clock forgets to go;
Incessant rains drown all my wheat,
My honest friend turns out a cheat;
My chatty wife begins to rail,
The thunder sours my cask of ale;
My cow, unconscious, gravely stalks
And———along my gravel walks;
My pig, to scratch his measly rump,
Mistakes my beehive for a stump,
And, when the indignant realm rebels,
Continues———in their cells;
The jarring screams of birds affrest
Some truant schoolboy robs their nest;
My distant chimes nocturnal roll
A requiem to some rustic soul;
My snug thatch'd house, oh! sad to tell,
Instead of home, is grown a hell;
And discord dire and worse alarms
Assail the worst of wretched farms.
Despair ensues, and mental ease
And health give place to slow disease;
Condemn'd to live, afraid to die,
What mortal half so curs'd as I!
Like learned judge, with serious face,
The moral now sums up the case,
And calls on wisdom to decide
From counsel heard on either side.
Wisdom attends, but first with awe
Adjusts his wig, then gives the law;
Let Reason early take the rein,
And over Sense its sway maintain;
For, if too close your joys you cluster,
You'll find they'll lose their wonted lustre,
Leaving behind the sad remains
Of galling griefs and endless pains. R. T.

THE WATCHMAN'S SONG.

The Watchmen of Germany amuse themselves during the night by singing their National Songs, as well as those of a more devotional character: of the latter the following is a specimen, taken from the very interesting work, the "Autumn of the Rhine." When the voices are good, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and pleasing.

Hark ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!
Ten are the holy commandments given
To man below—from God in heaven.
Human watch from harm can't ward us;
God will watch, and God will guard us;
He, through his eternal might,
Give us all a blessed night!

Hark ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Eleven now sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven apostles of holy mind,
Thought the gospel to mankind.—
Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.
Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
One has pealed on the lofty bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us forth in our time of need.
Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Two resounds from the beltry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free,
Neighbor, oh choose the best for thee.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Three now tolls on the belfry bell!
Three-fold reigns the Heavenly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Human watch, &c.

VARIETY.

GASPARD HAUSER.

The following particulars respecting Gaspard Hauser the Nuremberg youth, appear in the *Nouvelle Revue Germanique*, and are said to have been furnished by M. Hitzig, the editor of the *Annales de la Justice Criminelle* Many circumstances combine to strengthen the belief that young Hauser is connected with a distinguished family, and that when a child he received the commencement of a classical education. He recollects, among other things, the two first verses of the ode of Horace, beginning with *Diffugere Nives*. The Journals have mentioned a Dame Bonval Valbon, residing at Pesth, in Hungary, who, they suspect, has some knowledge of Hauser's birth. M. de Pirch, who understands a little of the Hungarian language, determined on uttering a few words of it to him, in order that he might see whether he retained any recollection of it. He found Hauser engaged in writing a latin theme. He is a well made youth, robust, although of small statue. He has fair hair, curling naturally, a very fair complexion, and an aqueline nose, and blue and pensive eyes. I rarely, said M. de Pirch, saw a countenance change so rapidly its expression of the most lively satisfaction and confidence, to that of fear the most unequivocal, and meditation the most profound. I addressed some questions to him respecting his studies; I asked him whether he had as yet learned arithmetic, and then as if by chance, I pronounced the Hungarian words, "*Ody kattlo harom*," (one, two, three.) He instantly fell into a deep reverie. I was continuing to speak, but his guardian told me that when in this state Hauser understood nothing. At length, after some minutes, he raised his head and said to me, "I have before heard these words, will you repeat some of them again?" I introduced among others the word *saz*, (one hundred,) "Oh, that is a great number," said he, and began to reflect. I next uttered, but in a careless tone, the Hungarian oath, *Basmanateremtete*. He trembled, and in great terror said, "that's the word which the man spoke during the voyage, every time he struck me. It is a villianous word, and which ought not to be uttered."

When M. de Pirch used, as if it were accidentally, the Polish word *Matka*, (mother,) the countenance of Gaspard brightened up—"It is mother," exclaimed this wretched orphan with the most animated expression. He was similarly affected by the Hungarian word signifying father; and when M. de Pirch said to him, in the same language, "Come, my dear—come, my child," Gaspard remembered that it was thus he was spoken to by his female servant, of whom, until this conversation with M. de Pirch, he had lost the recollection.

His present guardian, Counsellor Biberrach, treats him as his son, and since the late attempt made on him, two armed persons are stationed in the anti-chamber, and one accompanies him wherever he goes abroad. Walking fatigues him, but he rides admirably. His sense of smelling, and more particularly during the first year that he was at Nuremburg, was more acute than is ever found in human beings. For a long time he had no idea of distances, and would reach out his hands to touch object, which were very far removed from him. His smelling, however, is remarkably acute. One day he was suddenly seized with pain, perspiration flowed from his forehead and he trembled in every limb. The cause was soon discovered; it was a dead mouse that lay at some distance from him. On another day, when approaching a cemetery, he was sensibly affected by the smell, although at such a distance, that it must have been imperceptible to ordinary men. Polish words strike him as forcibly as certain Hungarian expressions. He immediately understood *moy kochany*, (my dear.) The writer of this notice earnestly hopes that the magistrates of Nuremburg, who have so generously adopted this youth, will exert themselves to remove the veil which covers his earlier history.

THE JEW OF WILNA.

In the advance of the French against Russia, a colonel strolling the suburbs of Wilna, heard the cries of distress from a house, and entered to ascertain the cause, he found four soldiers engaged in plundering and ill-treating an aged Jew and a young girl. The marauders not being inclined to relinquish their prey, proceeded to blows; but the colonel, who was an excellent swordsman, laid two of his assailants dead on the spot, and drove the other two from the house, severely wounded—he himself received slight wounds, and a ball grazed his cheek. On the return of the remnant of the French army, oppressed with fatigue, want, and disease, the worn out soldier, in rags, sought the dwelling of the Jew, and with difficulty was recognized; so completely changed was his appearance The Jew completely furnished his wardrobe, and contrived to send him through the hostile armies to France. At the peace, the Colonel was obliged to retire on a miserable pittance which an aged mother and sister shared. He had forgotten the Jew of Wilna: one evening, in the spring of 1816, a man called at his humble abode in the suburds of Paris, and having satisfied himself as to his identity, placed in his hand a packet, and vanished. On opening it, the colonel found bills on a banker in Paris, to the amount of five thousand pounds, with the following note:

"He, whose daughter you preserved from a brutal ravisher, whose life you saved, and whose house you protected from plunder at the risk of your own existence, sends you an offering of his gratitude; the only return he requires is, if ever you hear the Jews condemned, you will say, that one of thyt race knew how to be grateful."

The old Jew died at Vienna; his daughter, the heiress of his immense wealth, the larger portion of which was in the French funds, visited Paris; it was natural she should seek the brave man who had preserved her from the worst of fates, and with no common emotion he found the young girl he had protected, now a blooming and beautiful woman, and amiable as she was engaging. He became a lover, and she consented to be a wife.

Vaccinnation. While Jenner was pursuing his professional education at Sudbury, a young countrywoman applied for advice. The subject of small pox was casually mentioned in her presence—she immediately remarked, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cowpox." This was a popular notion in the district, but it now fixed his attention, and it grew with his growth. In one of Jenner's note books, of the year 1799, we find the following anecdote:—"I know of no direct allusion to the disease in any ancient writers, yet the following seems not very distantly to bear upon it. When the Dutchess of Cleveland was taunted by her companions, Moll Davis (Lady Mary Davis) and others, that she might soon have to deplore the loss of that beauty which was then her boast—the small pox at that time raging in London—she made a reply to this effect, that she had had a disorder which would prevent her from ever catching the small pox." Jenner every way proclaimed his belief in the efficacy of the antidote, but he found none to second his wishes. A similar reception has been experienced by Harvey, when he published his views of the circulation of the blood. Let no one hereafter abate the honest zeal of useful pursuit, because his ideas are chilled at first by an universal frigid sneer, or by careless ridicule. Such has ever been the fate of those who labour for the benefit of mankind. Even the wisest among us oppose innumerable prejudices to the acknowledgment of a new truth: and happy are those who, like Jenner, survive to witness the triumph of their painful struggles in its promulgation.

Family Library.

Dr. Parr's Penchant for Bull-baiting.—Parr, contrary as it might seem to his general character, acknowledged in a convivial moment that he was partial for bull-baiting; for which practice he candidly confessed, he had ever a secret but unconquerable predilection. "You see (said he pulling up his loose coat sleeve above his elbow and exposing his vast, muscular and hersute arm to the gaze of the company) you see that I am a kind of *taurine man*, and must therefore, be *naturally* addicted to the sport." A baiting had occurred at Cambridge, during one of his latter visits to the University. His anxiety to witness it was uncontrollable; but, as his personal appearance on the arena could not be thought of, he hired a garret near the place of exhibition; disrobed himself of his academical dress; put a nightcap on his head in lieu of his notorious wig, and thus disguised enjoyed, from the elevated window his favourite amusement in secrecy and solitude.

Anecdote. The following anecdote was lately told to me by a Senator of Berne. Two neighboring farmers had a dispute respecting the right to some adjoining property, which they could not compromise; and an action was held to determine it. On the day appointed for the trial, one of the farmers having dressed himself in his Sunday clothes called upon his opponent to accompany him to the Judge. Finding his neighbor at work upon his ground, he said to him "is it possible you can have forgotten that our cause is to be decided to day?" "No," said the other, "I have not forgotten it; but I cannot well spare time to go. I knew you would be there, and I am sure you are an honest man, and will say nothing but the truth. You will state the case fairly, and justice will be done.—And so it proved; for the farmer who went to the Judge, stated his neighbor's claims so clearly, that the cause was decided against himself; and he returned to inform his opponent that he had gained the property."

"They manage these things quite otherwise," said I, "in some places."

Judge Brackenridge—I had once objected to me, says judge Brackenridge, by a *Virginian* lawyer, an expression of the act of assembly (of Pennsylvania,) that the state house yard (in the city of Philadelphia) should be "surrounded by a brick well, and remain an *open inclosure* forever;" but I put him down by that act of the legislature of Virginia, which is entitled "a supplement to an act, entitled, an act to amend an act making it penal to *alter* the *mark* of an *unmarked* hog."

The following lines got into circulation a Saratoga, but, as may be imagined, the author was too wise to own them. A young man in spectacles, thick-soled shoes, and an anted iluvian coat, was suspected:

Says Tom, "I'll never wed but for a prize,
Young, rich, and beautiful, and good and wise,
Not fond of dress, yet always trim and neat;
Never perfumed, yet like a rose, bud sweet;
Well bred, as she in town had pass'd her life,
Yet modest, frugal, as a country wife."
"You'll die a bachelor, my friend," I said,
"Or must bespeak her—there's none ready made."

There are some Frenchmen in whom the habits of politness are so strong, that on no occasion do they deviate from them. During the recent revolution, the roome occupied by an English gentleman who resided at Paris were visited by some Frenchman of respectable appearance, who after having knocked at his door and apoligized for the intrusion, begged, in the most polite manner, qu'il leur seroi" permis de tuer quelques Suisses de la feneret de sa maison"—that he would permit them to shoot a few Swiss from the window. He could scarceiy have refused any request urged in so easy and polite a manner.—"Volontiers, Messieurs; tant que vous voudrez," was the reply "Most wiliingly, as many as you please." They accordingly stationed themselves at the window end did shoot afew.

Elopement. On Monday last a lady and gentleman, travelling in a private carriage with post horses, stopped for the night at Lenon's Inn, where they had landed on their route from London, by Bristol. They had intended to proceed onward hence to Dublin, but were arrested there on the following morning by a peace-officer, direct in pursuit from London, whither he immediately set forward to re-conduct them. The fugitives, we understand, to be a Mr. F—s—e. of Belfast, and a daughter of one of the very wealthy Rotschilds, the only heir to the immense united property of the three celebrated Jews. Mr. F. and the lady, it is said, had been married at Waterford before their arrival here.

The laughter-loving portion of the public will be delighted to hear that Mr. Theodore Hook is about to publish a comic novel to be entitled "Maxwell." Of high life and low life, the world has lately heard enough; while, strange to say, the principal field for eccentricity and humorous character has been neglected. It is therefore gratifying to find that Mr. Hook's new work is to be a story of the middle ranks.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to be informed that the *Pecane Nut Hickory*, (Juglans Olivæ formis) has been successfully cultivated in Philadelphia, and is now bearing perfect fruit. This exceedingly beautiful tree was raised from a nut, planted by a gentleman of our city, about fifteen years since. Michaux in the first volume of his North American Sylva gives, at large, a description and history of this interesting object.

Onions. A few fresh walnuts or raw leaves of parsely, eaten, immediately after dinner, will speedily remove that disagreeable taint which always infects the breath after partaking of onions, garlic or shallots.

Eggs may be *preserved* by covering them with a coat of gum arabic, and then imbedding them in charcoal.

A Happy Man.—On Thursday, a young man, named Christopher Thomas Johnson, was committed on a charge of bigamy, from Bow-street office, London. Upon his committal, both wives requested an interview with him. The interview with the first wife is described to have been very affectionate, and she left her husband declaring that she would raise money for his defence! The second wife kissed and embraced him when she was admitted, and a perusal of the following letter, being a *verbatim* copy of one which was forwarded to the prisoner on the night of Tuesday, will prove still more strongly the affection which this lady bears towards this man by whom she has been deceived:—"*Dear Tom*—I cannot think of coming at this late hour, it would be of no good, and I shall see you in the morning. Do not be more unhappy than you can avoid. I love, but we must never meet together any more. We must part forever. I little thought of this, my dear creature. Adieu, my love. Do not think it from want of affection for you prevents my coming. I would not have you think this for worlds. I am truly your affectionate girl,

"E JOHNSON.

"P. S.—I have sent a shirt collar, my dear."

A club of jolly members of the temperance society, being determined to apply with the proper *spirit* to their undertaking, used to meet three times a week to drink champagne, and make epigrams on each other. Only two of them *leaked* out, of which we took a copy. The first was made on Lawyer Brief, an honest fellow, who had never been corrupted by the business of his profession, and who sometimes fell asleep at or under the table:

Here lies a lawyer, and an honest man,
Heaven works a wonder for us now and then.

The other was upon Sam Scapegrace, who one night took a rash oath that he would never drink again while he breathed the breath of life:

Sam Scapegrace once to me devoutly swore,
That while he breathed, by heaven! he'd drink no more;
But Sam meant nothing more, as I am thinking,
Than that he would not breathe while he was drinking.

A writer in Blackword, complaining of the march of intellect, says;

"Crossing Grosvenor-square, I was followed by one of those wretched beings who volunteer sweeping the pave. He had some pieces of leather on his hand. The polite mendicant! As he held it out for the penny, "*Excuse my glove*," said the Chesterfield of the mire."

An old lady, remarkable for her confused idea of the meaning of words, described a clear summer evening thus: "It was a beautiful bright night—The moon made every thing as *light as a cork*."

Brutal Assault on the Siamese Twins. The Liverpool Journal of Sept. 25th, says—Yesterday evening a person, in the dress of a gentleman, committed a most unprovoked assault on these boys, in the exhibition room. Although there was a crowd of visitors, the attendant, who is particularly obliging, took every pains to satisfy his numerous and very troublesome inquiries, but all did not satisfy him; and because they did not undress before ladies, he called them "impostors." Their high sense of honour revolted at the foul charge, and they rushed from behind the table; and one of them, pulling out his purse, gave him a shilling, and desired him to quit the room. He refused, and aimed at them an unmanly blow. One of them, nothing loth, returned it with such effect, that it drew blood from the nose of the visitor, who instantly departed, threatening an action at law. These boys quit Liverpool to-morrow, and those that do not see them to-day will never again have another opportunity.

A writer in the *Cincinnati Tiller* predicts that 30 years will close the scene of silk importations into the United States, and in 50 years, no one article will be sent from our ports to so great an amount as silk.

William Bartlett, Esq. of Newburyport has, at different times, given to the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass. upwards of two hundred thousand dollars.

Cleared at the Collector's Office, Albany, on Saturday, the 13th inst. *eighty-two boats*, with merchandize and sundries for the north and west; and arrived same day *fifty-nine boats* with wheat, flour and ashes.

A man lately navigated himself across Gloucester Harbor in a tub; had he been blown off shore, he would have figured in Mother Goose's Melodies, with the three wise men of Gotham.

In the census lately taken in the town of Ashfield, in Massachusetts, six women are returned as between the ages of 90 and 100, and ... between 80 and 90 years of age.

Richard Crowninshield Jun. The following are literal and exact copies of the papers left by R. C. Jr. in his cell at the time he hanged himself on the 15th June. These papers as well as the act of suicide, are a strong and satisfactory confession of his guilt,—

Salem, June 15th, 1830.

"*Dear Father,*

"These are the last lines from your undutiful son that has disregarded your chaste moral precepts, that has always bountifully bestowed, on the unfortunate being that will ere you receive this, cease to exist, my last request is that you will have my body decently buried, and have it protected from the dissecting knife, and may the blessing of God rest upon you.

Farewell,"

RICHARD CROWNINSHIELD, Jr.

Superscribed

"To

RICHARD CROWNINSHIELD, Esq.

Danvers,

Mass."

SALEM, JUNE 15th 1830.

"*Dear Brother,*

May God; and your innocence guide you through this trial. Had I taken your advice, I would still enjoy life, liberty and a clear conscience. But I have not, and perceive my case to be hopeless, therefore I have come to the determination to deprive them of the pleasure of beholding me publickly executed, as after I am condemned they will not give me the opportunity, and may God forgive me. George this is an awful warning, to you, and *I hope it may be the means of reforming many to virtue. Albeit, they may meet with success at the commencement of vice, it is short lived, and sooner, or later, if they persist in it, they will meet with a similar fate to mine.* Oh George forgive me for what I have caused you and others to suffer on my account, and my last benediction rests upon you. A long, a last adieu.

RICHARD CROWNINSHIELD, Jun."

Superscribed

"To

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD"

"To * * * * *

Ungrateful wretches; why do ye crave?
The life your heavenly maker gave,
Why confine us in the gloomy cells?
Where nothing save grief and sorrow dwells,
Detested Fiends; be banished hence,
Among your kindred go beat your sense,
Where imps of Hell, and Devils roam.
Go and seek out your native home!"

[The above anthema was probably aimed at the persons active in detecting the murderers.] [Salem Gazette.]

Another Revolution.—Under this head, the Montreal Gazette mentions a sort of insurrection among the student of the College of that city. They were dissatisfied with the excess of discipline, the retrenchment of their hours of relaxation, and the remarks of their French teachers on the ignorance of the Canadians. They accordingly rose in rebellion, in close imitation of the revolution of Paris; hoisting the tri-color, singing a parody of the Marseilles hymn, and holding out against the instructors for three days; during which time the effigy of one of the masters was suspended in front of the college, and placards were posted in every direction, encouraging the students to persist. It seems they were successful in obtaining a new *Charter*, and the points they contended for were conceded. A few were expelled, however.

Thomsonia.—Mr. Kelso Grey, aged 62, died *suddenly* at Montpelier, Vt. on the 27th ult. while under the operation of a plentiful dose of Lobelia, and the application of steam, notwithstanding, as the account says, that the latter was "applied to the *last gasp of life*," by Dr. Manasus Latch, a brother-in-law of the patient, and his *wife*, who are *both* practitioners of the *Thomsonia* System.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to be informed that the *Pecane Nut Hickory*, (Juglans Olivæ formis) has been successfully cultivated in Philadelphia, and is now bearing perfect fruit. This exceedingly beautiful tree was raised from a nut, planted by a gentleman of our city, about fifteen years since. Michaux in the first volume of his North American Sylva gives, at large, a description and history of this interesting object.

Onions. A few fresh walnuts or raw leaves of parsely, eaten, immediately after dinner, will speedily remove that disagreeable taint which always infects the breath after partaking of onions, garlic or shallots.

A Pennsylvania paper informs us that on the 3d inst. thousands of flocks of grep ducks passed over the Susquehanna, on their way to the south.

We find the following tribute to the late Mrs. Brown, wife of the Hon. James Brown, our late Minister to France, in a recent number of the Virginia Gazette:

"Mrs. Brown was the elder sister of Mrs. Henry Clay, and daughter of Col. Nathaniel Hart, formerly of Hagerstown, Md., and afterwards of Lexington, Ky. Mrs. Brown was a most affectionate wife and accomplished lady; the writer of this paragraph never saw more than one lady who shone in the drawing room superior to her whose death he is now announcing, and not one of a superior order of mind and goodness of heart—enjoying a princely fortune, her charitable donations were munificent—having no children to inherit their wealth, Mr. and Mrs. Brown were the liberal patrons of merit in every class and order of society.

A Brutal Jester.—During the disturbance during the reign of Edward VI. Sir Antony Kyngston, Provost of the Western Army, distinguished himself by the promptitude of his decisions and the *pleasantry* with which he accompanied them. Having *dined* with the Mayer of Boomin he asked him if the gallows were sufficently strong? The Mayor replied that he thought so. "Then," said Kyngston "go up and try"—and hanged him without further ceremony. (Pleasant indeed!) On another occasion, having received information against a miller, he proceeded to the mill, and not finding the master at home, ordered his servant to the gallows, bidding him be content for it was the best service which had ever rendered to his master.

Lingard's History of England

MARRIED,

In Middlefield, Otsego County, on Thursday the 28th October, Mr BELA J. KAPLE, to Miss MARIA BAILEY.

Since love has joined their hearts together,
May they live and love—and live forever.

DIED,

We record today the death of JOHN CLEAVES SYMMES HARRISON, the eldest son of Gen. Wm. H Harrison. He died at his father's residence, at North Bend, on Saturday last, after an illness of a few days, from which no danger was apprehended until a few hours before his death. He was a much esteemed and most excellent citizen, in the prime of youth and manhood. His afflicted widow is the only child of Z. M. Pike, who, with several young children, are bereaved of their natural protector, and are left to mourn a loss that can never be repaired.

[Cincinnati Gaz.]

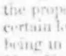
At his residence in the territory of Arkansas, on the 16th September, EDWARD W. DUVAL, Esq late Indian Agent for the Cherokees in that Territory, aged about 40. This gentleman who has left a wife and several children to lament his loss, which to them is irreparable, studied law in Washington City under the direction of his venerable uncle Judge Davis and resided there afterwards for many years in different public stations, (lastly in that of naval store keeper,) before his removal to Arkansas; in both his public and private capacities, he enjoyed universal respect and esteem.

At his residence near Goshen Hill, Union District, S. C. recently, Mr SAMUEL SELBY, aged 101 years, three months and twenty-two days. This gentleman retained his mental faculties in a remarkable degree, until within a few days of his death. He could see to read any common print without spectacles, his eyesight never having failed him in the least. He was fond of horse-racing, and but a few weeks previous to his death, was seen on the race ground charging his horse from one end of the field to the other, swinging his hat and huzzaing, making small bets and occasionally taking a drop of whiskey, of which he was remarkably fond. He has frequently been seen, within the last year, to mount his horse and gallop him four or five miles nearly at full speed, and would walk through his plantation as nimbly as if he had been only forty years old. Two or three years since, he run a foot race for a small wager with his son-in-law, a young man of considerable activity, and beat him with ease. He was a great marksman, and would shoot with any man for a small bet. He possessed a comfortable property, and lived very independently.

ALLEN W. DODGE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has taken an Office in the Building No. 49 Wall-street. All business entrusted to him will receive the most prompt and faithful attention.

New-York, Nov. 13.

FOR SALE,



A DISTILLERY AND ITS APPARATUS. Will be sold at public auction at the Merchants Exchange, on the fifth day of January next, 1831, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the well known distillery and its appurtenances, situate on the easterly side of Orange-street, between Prince and Spring-streets—the property is described as follows, to wit; all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the 8th (now 14th) ward of the city of New-York, on the easterly side of Orange-street, between Prince and Spring-streets, known and designated on the map of Bayard's East Farm as 1110 and bounded and containing as follows, to wit; northerly by the lot known as 1109; easterly by the lot known as 1111, and westerly by Orange-street. The buildings, fixtures, tubs, casks, stock, and every other apparatus, is in complete order for carrying on the distilling business, in rectifying and distilling liquors &c. and is now in full operation, and will be sold as it stands without reserve, for the purpose of closing a trust. The property is situate on ground the title of which is derived from a sale of assessment and taxes, made by the corporation of the city of New-York, the period of the purchase being fifteen years from August 12th 1824. The terms of sale will be for cash only. For further particulars inquire 57 Cedar-street, of

S. B. HELBERT JUDAH, Trustee.

BROADWAY COFFEE HOUSE, 646 Broadway, two doors from Bleecker-street, RANDOLL'S HARMONIC PARTY will take place on Monday evening next, *November* 22, 1830.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents, with a *Refreshment Ticket.*

To commence at half past 7 o'clock.

W. R. assures the residents of the upper part the city, that a rational evening's entertainment will be afforded to such as patronise him. Songs and Glees will be introduced by several professors, and arrangements will be made, if encouraged in his exertion to combine musical talent of a superior order for that evening during the season.

Nov. 20 1st

H. GUIBEAN, Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair Cutter, Dresser, Perfumer, and Ornamental Hair Manufacturer, from Paris and London; Begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has commenced business at 411 Broadway, one door from Lispenard-street, and hopes, from his experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business to merit a share of public patronage which shall ever be his study to deserve.

Ladies' Ornamental Hair of every description and of the newest Parisian and London fashions; Gentlemen's Wigs, Toupees, &c., made on the most improved principles warranted not to shrink in the wearing of them.

☞ An elegant assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Cutlery, &c. &c. which he can warrant genuine.

Nov. 20 1y

DAVID FELT,

STATIONERS' HALL, NO. 245 PEARL-STREET.

HAS FOR SALE,

500 REAMS common Foolscap *PAPER*;
300 do first quality do;
300 reams Pot PAPER
700 do Wrapping do;
300 do common Letter do;
500 do first quality do;
200 do do do hot-pressed do;
100 do Blue Vellum Post do;
100 do Blue Laid do do;
100 half reams English Gilt do;
300 reams Imperial Printing do;
300 do Coloured do;
100 groce *BONNET BOARDS*;
100 dozen Cork *INKSTANDS*;
100 Gardner's Improved GLOBES;
100 *BACKGAMMON BOARDS*;
100 dozen PLAYING CARDS;
200 M. *RUSSIA QUILLS*;
500 Fancy Boxes WAFERS;
200 dozen English *SLATES*;
3000 WEBSTER'S SPELLING BOOKS
1000 COBB'S do do;
1000 CUMMINGS'S do do;
1000 MARSHALL'S do do;
350 *QUARTO BIBLES*, CALF;
150 do do SHEEP;
200 do do GILT;
1000 TESTAMENTS;
500 *SCHOOL BIBLES*;
500 ENGLISH READERS, improved;
200 groce TOY BOOKS, colored plates;
200 dozen GILT VISITING CARDS;
200 groce Lead PENCILS;
400 do Slate do;—

Together with every description of BLANK BOOKS, bound in a superior manner, PAPER, STATIONARY, &c. &c. AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES. cptf Nov. 28

CONE'S ANTIDOTE,

FOR THE WHOOPING COUGH.

THIS Medicine, once so highly celebrated for the cure of that distressing disorder, the whooping cough, has long lain in obscurity, as it was supposed that the secret of its compound had expired with its inventor, Dr. Cone. But a receipt has lately been discovered by one of his descendants, who profiting by the circumstance, has prepared and after numerous trials of its efficacy, now offers it to the public. It may be taken with the most perfect safety by children under any circumstances, no mercury being employed in its composition. The proprietor, however, deems it useless to comment upon its virtues, and desires those who are afflicted with the disorder to make trial and judge for themselves. Price 50 cents, Sold only at the following place—

DR. H. CUTTER THORPE.

Aug 14 131 *Walker street.*

DAVID FELT,

STATIONERS' HALL, No. 245, Pearl-Street,

HAS constantly on hand and for sale at the very lowest prices, either for cash or approved credit, a very extensive assortment of Stationary, Paper, Blank Books, and School Books, &c. &c.

N. B. Blank Books made to order at short notice

July 17.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING

BY S. BARTLETT,

No. 76 1-2 MAIDEN LANE, at THREE DOLLARS A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

☞ Advertisements conspicuously inserted, on the usual terms.

AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

Clarksville, Tennessee, F. J. Batson, Ass't P M
Ballston, New York, Joel Lee, Post Master.
Ithica, New-York, A. B. Clark.
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, Abraham Rex, P. M.
Lexington, North Carolina, D. B. Rounsaville, P. M
New Brunswick, New-Jersey, Reuben Ayres.
Portland, Maine, Samuel Coleman, Bookseller.
Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, N. March, Bookseller
Saugerties, New-York, J. Russell, Post Master.
Troy, New-York, Clark & Hosford, Booksellers.

☞ Post Masters and others, procuring Subscribers and transmitting the money agreeably to the terms of THE CONSTELLATION, are allowed a commission of ten per cent.

FRESH IMPORTATION *of ten enormous Serpents and six Camelions, and other subjects of Natural History at the GRAND EXHIBITION OF LIVING CURIOSITIES.* J. COPS, 390 Broadway, between White and Walker-streets, most respectfully informs the public of New-York, that he has for their inspection some of the most beautiful and rare works of creation ever before produced in the United States consisting of the *GREAT ANACONDA or MOUNTAIN SERPENT*, commonly called the Terror of Ceylon, and is allowed to be one of the most voracious of all the serpent tribe, one of the most beautiful; in a wild state its habits are similar to those of a Tiger, yet now perfectly harmless, so that a child may play with it; also, the real *Oriental Cobra or Diamond Snake*, of Shandernagon. The markings of this beautiful Oriental Reptile is striking, and well defined from the other species. The Hipabibara or Golden Headed Snake of Siam, and the Ichneumen, or Snake Destroyer; of this industrious animal you will find accounts, as Natural History is bringing forth every day fresh subjects to illustrate the wonderful works of an overruling power, what can we say, when one animal is brought to destroy the other, but the keeper will explain the whole of this vague exhibition to each of the company. Also, the Egyptian Camelion. This astonishing animal differs from all the Lizard tribe, and surpasses all imagination, having the extraordinary power of changing its colour, as also that truly surprising serpent, the Great Boa Constrictor of Java, which has been known to swallow Deers, Buffaloes and even Tigers; likewise that rare snake called the Liberator or Tri-coloured Serpent. It is a native of Terra del Fuego, though often named by the ancients, has been rarely met with; its colours are to be admired and it is perfectly harmless. The Rock Serpent of Bengal; a beautiful nine Branded Armadillo, or Hog in Armour; and Ogotara from Java; the Dolphin Headed Viper of Carthagenia, the Red Flamingo from Barringilla; the Golden Pheasant from China, which for elegance of form and splendour of plumage surpasses the Bird of Paradise. The above is accompanied with the silver Pheasant of China, from which birds the game fowls originated, and several large Alligators from the Mississippi. A great variety of Birds of the most splendid plumage and exquisite song for sale. The Head of a New-Zealand Chief. It is most beautifully preserved, which is the common practice when taken in war by the different tribes of the country; the body is in general eaten by the cannibals; it was that of Howaman, a chief of a numerous tribe on the east cape of New-Zealand, and one of the perpetrators of the massacre of the ship's company of the Agnus in 1816, when all were murdered except five of the crew, (one is still alive, the account was lately published in England,) and the head now shown is that of the chief.

Hours of exhibition from ten in the morning till nine o'clock in the evening.

Admission 25 cents; children half price.

N. B. The utmost value given for all kinds of Birds Quadrupeds, and Reptiles, by J. COPS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THOS. SIMMS 50 Canal street, having borne through every opposition, arising from envy or mistaken notions of injury to the trade, besides the very great difficulties of introducing a new business in this country, has great pleasure in making known to the American public, that he has (after two years unremitted attention) succeeded in permanently establishing the Manufacture of the Inimitable Satin Beaver Hats, not only equal to those made in England, but from the improvements made during his progress, superior to them in lightness, elasticity and beauty, and now respectfully solicits the patronage of those gentlemen who admire neatness, beauty and lightness in their Hats. T. S. would particularly caution gentlemen who are not acquainted with his Hats, not to form an opinion of the Satin Beavers from any attempted imitation which they may have seen, from whatever source it arises. But gentlemen, to be satisfied of their superiority must see themselves, and all their superior qualities to be known must be tried.

N.B. T. Simms having exhibited a specimem of the above Hats at the late Fair has of course received the first premium for both his Ladies' and Gentlemens' Hats, and which specimens were only a fair sample of those he is now making. The Ladies Hats will be ready for inspection in a few days, having now received the latest English fashions from his friends in London. Nov. 6

MRS. SCHULTS, No. 550 Broadway, continues to give lessons in the beautiful art of Gilding, Bronzing, and Painting, after the Chinese. This elegant accomplishment can be acquired by any person in a very few lessons, no matter how ignorant of the subject, and when once learnt, can be turned to so many useful as well as profitable purposes, that every lady should have a knowledge of it. Specimens of card racks, screens, table matts, and table tops, can be seen any time.

A class of ladies commences every afternoon at 3 o'clock, into which four more can be received.

Velvet Painting also taught in a few lessons.

October 16 tf

GREENWICH HAT STORE.

WINTERTON'S *FASHIONABLE HAT STORE*, removed from 110 Broadway, to No. 293 Bleecker-st., second door south of Grove-st.

S. Winterton has constantly on hand an elegant assortment of Gentlemen's Black and Drab Hats of the latest fashion; as well as of every other description, as good as can be made at $2 and upwards,

Also, an assortment of *Caps, Umbrellas, &c.*

Persons purchasing at the above place, will have the advantage of getting a good article for less money than at any other store in the City.

June 12 3m

EVER-POINT *PENCILS, Wholesale and Retail*, at L. I. COHEN'S, 71 William-street, Manufacturer of the Leads for the above pencils.

IMPORTER of *British Fancy Stationary.* j5

WHEN Fashion at a loss' wandered round in great pain

She looked in each store again and again,

Till at length dropping in at the Subscriber's STOCK MART,

She looked and exclaim'd, "You're the man of my heart.

'I've inquired," quoth she, "in each store and each block,

In this great city of N. Y. for a peep at your Stock;

I have now found relief, and if 'twill not offend you,

Good customers many depend on't I'll send you.

Some vot'ries of mine are truly so modest,

They stick to cravats and still look the oddest;

But faith, let one of them look at your STOCK,

His comfort consult, and his heart will unlock.

In point of good Stocks I've been long consulted,

And many disputes from my choice have resulted.

To be candid and honest, I shall ever bless the day

That I found out your Store, No 80 BROADWAY.

No longer shall prejudice boast of cravats;

Such tag-rags and ... I'll throw to the rats;

Sweet Julia, and Susan, and Helen shall send

Their beaux to your Store, their appearance to mend.

I see you have Collars, and Dress Fronts likewise,

All these are put on to charm the girls' eyes;

A gent. to be dressed must sure wend his way

To you, and none else, at 80 BROADWAY."

"I think, Madam Fashion, you ... up more flattery

Than ever I heard from the Park to the Battery,

But pray, at my freedom, Ma'am, take no offence,

To be in your favour's a mark of good sense."

"Rail on, Mr. Lillibridge, I deserve not your thanks,

Your Stocks are in Wall-street as well as the Banks.

All this I'm aware of, and still I will say

Brokers, Lawyers, and Merchants, go to 80 BROADWAY.

The Sea Captain too, may find comfort and ease

In a Patent Hinge Stock, if he get one to please,

With Fame hand in hand he will then cross the ocean,

And thousands in other ... bow in devotion."

NEW YORK

RIDING SCHOOL,

CROSBY STREET.

MR. ROULSTONE has the pleasure to inform those gentlemen who may wish to be instructed by him, as well as those he has instructed, that his morning school has commenced, and will be continued every morning from 6 to 8 o'clock. Likewise for ladies from 9 till 2 o'clock. Lessons on the road in the afternoon: he has horses for every degree of instruction.

April 10 istf

PREMIUM TEACHING.

L. GOWARD, to whom has been awarded the *First Premium* for the *shortest, easiest*, and *most thorough System of Teaching* Drawing and Music in their various branches, has the pleasure of stating that he is in the habit of making rapid improvements, somewhat *greater* than those can account for, who do not understand the secret!!! There's no deception—there can be none—for we give References.

N. B. Mr. G. pretends to no *Magic*, but merely to his *happy method*, and *natural faculty* for TEACHING.

HEALTH IN EXERCISE.

RIDING ACADEMY AT TATTERSALL'S, 446 Broadway.

MR. BLYTH announces to his friends and patrons, that at present there are few vacancies in his *Riding Academy*.

Ladies or Gentlemen, who may wish to avail themselves of this opportunity of acquiring the art of fearlessly holding at perfect command, that noble animal, the horse, and of being perfected in that graceful accomplishment of *Riding*, which tends, by moderate exercise, to promote general health, will make direct application at the Academy at Tattersall's 446 Broadway. July 3.

LIVERPOOL AND ORREL COAL AFLOAT. Now discharging from ship Mary and Harriet a superior cargo of Liverpool coal, selected large for family use, and lowered into the hold ... for sale in lots to suit purchasers by applying on board at India warf, or to H. & A. Stokes, 157 Broadway, and 374 Washington-st, near Beach.

Also afloat and for sale as above, Sydney and Scuylkill coal of an excellent quantity; and in yard Lehigh, Lackawanna, Picton, and fine Liverpool Coal.

LACKAWANNA OF 1830.

AT JOHN H. BOSTWICK'S GENERAL COAL YARD, corner of West and Clarkson-streets.

This superior anthracite coal will be delivered in any part of the city, free of cartage, at $7,50cts. in lumps, 8 dollars per ton of 2240 lbs. broken up and screened. also

SCHUYLKIKL,	VIRGINIA COHL,
LEHIGH,	of the following pits;
LIVERPOOL,	MILLS
SYDNEY and	MIDLOTHIAN, and
CHARCOAL	NEW PIT

Pine box Boards, and cedar Boat Boards. A constant supply as above. Oct. 7

GENUINE PEACH ORCHARD COAL AFLOAT. A small cargo of the above quality of Anthracite coal, is now landing at the yards of the subscribers, foot of Beaver-lane, near the Battery, and is warranted equal to any anthracite coal ever offered for sale in this city,

Oct. 9 Apply to H. & A. STOKES.

FURNACES,

FOR warming Buildings with Rarified Air, set up on the most approved principle, and in the neatest manner. Grates, Kitchen Furnaces of every description, by JAMES SAERS,

Sept. 11 3m *No. 33 Chapel-street.*

LONDON ANNUALS.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT, WINTER'S WREATH, and JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT, are received and for sale at Stationers' Hall, 245 Pearl-st., by

Nov. 13 6w DAVID FELT.

The Patent Medicated Vapor Bath Establishment.

THESE Baths are under the sole controul and management of J. P. Carroll, No. 25 John-street, two doors east of Nassau-street, New-York.

The Baths are now in full operation, and are recommended by the first members of the faculty; and also, that since they have been in operation, the subscriber has administered them to between twenty and thirty thousand patients. Of the most inveterate and extraordinary cases that have come within his knowledge, he has kept a particular and accurate list; from which it will be found, on inspection, by those interested, that the complaints which most certainly and speedily give way to the use of these baths, (with the aid of other proper treatment,) are the following:—

Sudden Cold; Fever & Ague; Rheumatism; Repelled or Receded Small Pox; Sore Throat; Hives or Croup; assist Digestion; increase Appetite, &c.

☞ Baths sent out to any part of the city, at five minutes notice, with proper persons to administer them, when required. Private rooms with Baths by the day, week, or month. Portable Baths for sale.

Concentrated Syrup of Liverwort, a new, safe, and valuable medicine for coughs, spitting of blood, and Consumption, to be had as above, and herbs of all kinds, fresh from the Shakers, for sale.

J. P. CARROLL.

☞ Baths administered gratis to those who cannot afford to pay when recommended by the faculty.

DEPOT OF FINE ARTS AND NATURAL CURIOSITIES,

No. 331 1-2 Broadway.

THE proprietor of this establishment takes the liberty of informing the collectors of Shells, &c. that he has purchased of Michael Paff, Esq. of this city his entire collection of Shells, Minerals, &c. (so justly celebrated all over the United States for their beauty and perfection,) adding to it two other valuable collections, making together, 6,000 specimens of the rarest and most superb shells in the Union, which he will dispose of at reasonable prices. Also, a superb lot of rare and common Engravings, Oil Paintings, and Curiosities of all descriptions.

June 19 J. DURIVAL.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.

ENOCH ARMITAGE, No. 53 Maiden-Lane, Importer and Dealer in Hosiery, Gloves, &c. has on hand and offers for sale at reasonable prices gentlemen's, ladies and misses white, black and colored silk, cotton, worsted, vigonia and merino Hose and half Hose; gentlemens', ladies and misses kid, horseskin, woodstock and buckskin Gloves; cotton, worsted and lambs wool Drawers and Waistcoats, silk, cotton and worsted Caps, and Suspenders; embroidering Worsted of every shade; embroidering Cottons; Canvass, &c. &c. June 26

PREMIUM CHINESE TABLE.

LADIES who wish to acquire the beautiful and useful accomplishment of GILDING and PAINTING after the Chinese, are invited to call at 550 Broadway, Mrs. SCHULTS' and see a Table which attracted so much admiration at the Fair of the American Institute, and which for its great variety of work and general execution received a Premium. Specimens in variety, on wood and paper, can also be seen, and terms of teaching made known by calling as above.

Mrs. SCHULTS can attend to three more ladies in the class which begins at 3 o'clock. Oct. 30

PREMIUM NOTICE.

FOR two years in succession, the Premium has been awarded by the American Institute to the proprietor of Stationers' Hall, 245 Pearl-street, for the best Specimen of BLANK BOOKS. When Banks, Public Offices, and others, who are in want of sets or single Books, ruled to any pattern, Bound in a superior manner in Vellum, Russia, Calf, or Sheep; those who are in want are requested to call and examine for themselves. The prices are warranted as low as can be purchased in any regular store in the United States. 6w Nov. 13

PORTRAITS AND MINIATURES. Ladies and Gentlemen desiring faithful representations in Portrait or Miniature, may obtain them on moderate terms at No. 30 Arcade, (up stairs,) between Maiden Lane and John-street. In the event of the Likeness not proving satisfactory, no remuneration required.

A whole length portrait of General Washington for sale as above, suitable for a public room or hall, size of painting 8 feet 6 inches, by 6 feet 4 inches.

Sept. 18 tf Arcade No. 30

To Young Gentlemen who have been so unfortunate as to lose their Hair, or losing it every day.

J. GAUDRI, No. 321 1-2 Broadway, respectfully informs the public that he makes Wigs and Scalps of a superior quality, and to imitate nature so perfectly as to deceive the most discerning eye. As he never failed to give general satisfaction to those who have honored him with their custom, he hopes to receive the patronage of the public.

N. B. Constantly for sale, Ladies' Curls and Frizze Puffs, of the latest fashion. Nov. 6

POCKET-BOOK MANUFACTORY.

R. TANNER, 48 Nassau-street, New-York, Pocket Book, Writing and Dressing Case Maker.

Aug. 20 3m

AMERICAN ANNUALS.

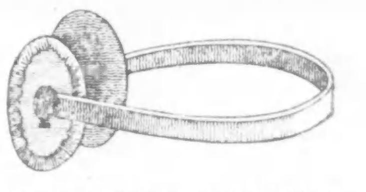
THE TOKEN, ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, AMETHYST, YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE, and PEARL, for sale wholesale and retail, at Stationers' Hall, 245 Pearl-street, by DAVID FELT.

Nov. 13 6w

J. B. STOUT & CO. Visiting, Official, and Mercantile Card Engravers and Printers, Consular Society, and Counting House *Seal Cutters*, No. 3 Wall st.

☞ Coffin Plates furnished at 2 hours' notice. July 9

DR. HULL'S



PATENT TRUSS.

FOR THE CURE OF RUPTURE.

THIS SURGICAL INSTRUMENT still maintains its great repute with the medical profession. Among the numerous testimonials in late medical works of distinguished Surgeons, the following are deemed sufficient:

In *Samuel Cooper's Dictionary of Practical Surgery*, with notes by *David Meredith Reese, M. D.* article Truss, Dr. Hull's instrument is recommended as the most perfect that has been brought into use, and it is remarked that "numerous innovations and modifications have been resorted to with a view of appropriating the *surgical principles* embraced *in the instrument of Dr. Hull*, by those who construct their trusses of inferior materials and otherwise defeat the utility and success of the invention."

From *Hooper's Medical Dictionary*, edited by *Samuel Ackerley, M. D.* is extracted the following: "The part of Dr. Hull's Truss is *concave* and not *convex*; and hence the raised circular margin by proper adaption, presses against the sides of the hernial opening, and tends to close the aperture and cure the hernia."

James Thatcher, M. D. in his second edition of "*Modern Practice*" on the subject of hernia remarks: "Dr. Hull is exclusively entitled to the credit of first adapting the *true surgical principle* for the radical cure of hernia."

Valentine Mott, M. D.; Cyrus Perkins, M. D.; Samuel Osborne, M. D.; James S. Manly, M. D.; Felix Pascalis, M. D.; John C. Cheesman, M. D.; J. Kearney Rogers, M. D.; John R. Beck, M. D.; Daniel L. M. Peixotto, M. D.; Samuel L. Mitchill, M. D.; and many other eminent surgeons have given their *decided preference* to *Dr. Hull's Truss.* For reference to their several opinions see a pamphlet on *hernia* by Dr. A. G. Hull; *Professors Knight, Tully, Hubbard, and Ives*, of the *Medical College* in New-Haven; *Professors Eberle, M'Clellan*, and *Drake*, of the *Jefferson Medical College* in Philadelphia; and the Professors of the Medical Schools in Baltimore, have given their testimony in favour of *Dr. Hull's Truss.*

Dr. Hull's trusses may be had in any quantity at his office, 132 Fulton-street near Nassau.

CAUTION. The trusses which are advertised in another part of this paper as the *invention* of one Sheeman, are a base imitation of mine. Suits at law will be immediately instituted against all *responsible venders* of these *pirated articles.*

HAGNER'S Vegetable Panacea and Anodyne Salve, for strengthening the system.

THIS medicine is undoubtedly the best specific ever invented, and it has never in any instance failed of effecting a cure of the King's Evil, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, White Swelling, Salt Rheum, Rose Cancers, and all diseases arising from impurities of the blood.

Among a great number of certificates are the following, which may be seen and the medicines supplied with proper directions and advice, on application to Mrs. J. Hagner, No. 31, Grand-street, N. Y. Price 2 dollars per bottle for the Panacea, and 50 cents per box for the salve.

This is to certify that my son was afflicted with the King's Evil. I came to New-York, and bought medicine of Mrs. Hagner, which made a perfect cure.

Riverhead, L. I. JOHN T. WELLS

This is to certify that I was afflicted with the King's Evil for 11 years, I applied to a number of physicians; I took Swains Panacea; all to no purpose. I applied to Mrs. Hagner, and she made a perfect cure. I have been well ever since last March three years.

PHEBE BAILEY, 100 Mott-street.

This is to certify that one of my children was afflicted with the King's Evil for five years, during which time he was attended by the first medical men, without any effect, and then I applied to Mrs. Hagner, and she effected a cure, and there has not been any symptoms for two years and a half.

DAVID ROFF, Newark N. J.

This is to certify that my child was afflicted with the King's Evil, and after trying many things recommended, and the skill of two physicians, and to no effect, bought the above medicine of Mrs. Hagner, which effected a perfect cure. There have not been any symptoms since the year Oct. 9, 1827.

ABEL WOOLSEY, 35 Pump-street N. Y.

CARD.

MRS. SISTARE has removed from Pine-street to No. 170 Broadway, corner of Maiden-Lane, where she can accommodate Two Gentlemen with Rooms, and one Gentleman and Lady with a Parlor and Sleeping Room.

The situation of the House being very central, and none more pleasant, makes it a desirable residence particularly to those engaged in business.

May 1 tf

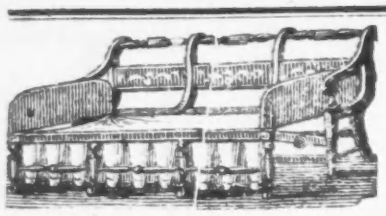
MONEY TO LOAN on City Property in sums to suit applicants, at 6 per cent. Apply to

C. BATES, 27 Chatham-st. opposite Tryon Row.

Nov. 13

J. WHITE, Watch Maker, 72 Liberty-street four doors east of Broadway

Repairs watches and clocks of every description. Oct. 5



JOHNSON'S

PATENT SOFA AND SETTEE BEDSTEADS.

MANUFACTURED and sold at 188 Grand, corner of Mott-street—the subscriber returns his acknowledgments for the liberal patronage extended to him heretofore; he has for sale a large assortment of his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedsteads. This article, yet imperfectly known to the public, is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee; it is constructed on principles peculiar to itself, with the size, strength and consistence of the ordinary four post Bedstead; it possesses the symmetry, beauty and finish of the ornamental parlor Settee and Sofa; the bed and bedding are enclosed and again extended with the greatest ease and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen or families boarding they save the expense of an extra room, to invalids and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlor fire, to boarding-house keepers, to masters of vessels owners of steam-boats, counting-rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable—he having already sold five hundred of the Sofa and Settee Bedstead, he considers a fair criterion for the public to judge of the utility of the article. CHESTER JOHNSON.

N. B. The Patentee now offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States.
Oct. 30 tf

WHOLESALE MANUFACTORY OF
QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS.
No. 60 William-Street, New-York.

BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the rough material in Germany, for a regular and periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any house on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the dressed state, it is hoped domestic manufacture may have the preference, as nothing that art can do will be left undone to have the workmanship superior to any produced from a foreign market. The terms on which the different kinds of dressings are known, are first, double Dutched—2d, pale and yellow clarified—3d, fluted opaque—4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two lotter are peculiarly the invention of the principal, and have given for the time in use, universal satisfaction. To country merchants and others, the highest price will be given for American raw Quills, either in cash or exchange.

Grateful for the very decided preference received for the last fourteen years, I subscribe myself the public's obedient servant, P. BYRNE.
May 15 1y

NEW HAT STORE.
ADELPHI HOUSE, 103 Canal Street.

I. MILLER respectfully informs the inhabitants of New-York and its vicinity, that he has opened the above store with an entire new and fashionable assortment of HATS. The whole of his stock having been manufactured since the late reduction in the price of furs, and he being satisfied with a fair living profit only, he is fully enabled to sell, and now offers his assortment as low as any other manufacturer *can* do.

I. M. being desirous to gain custom by giving general satisfaction, assures the public nothing shall be wanting on his part to do so, and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

HATS calculated to give every satisfaction to the purchaser, are sold at the above store for $2.25. A trial of his hats is particularly solicited, he deeming that sufficient to secure their patronage.

LEMON SYRUP, of superior quality,
SYRUP of LEMON for Soda Water,
do of Ginger,
French, Martinique, and Domestic *CORDIALS*, on Draught and in Glass,
Peruvian *BITTERS*,
Stoughton's do
Fancy do
For sale *Wholesale and Retail* on accommodating terms at LEONARD GORDON'S,
308 Greenwich, corner of Duane-st.
Grocers and Dealers supplied at short notice.
For the accommodation of distant City Customers, a Letter Box to receive orders is placed at the Cordial Store, 31 Peck-Slip. 6m June 12

CURTAIN ORNAMENT FACTORY.

CARVED and gilt curtain ornaments of entirely new pattern, and in best stile constantly for sale by SAMUEL KENNEDY, No. 20 Hudson-street, near Chambers-Street, who makes ornaments to any fancy either from drawings or description. Upholsterers and others may have sketches with the ornaments, showing their arrangement for the drapery.

As usual, Looking Glass and Picture frames.

All orders speedily executed on the lowest terms for cash. tf

R. C. SKINNER, DENTIST

WHAS REMOVED TO NO. 4 PARK PLACE, HERE he will perform all the operations necessary to the preservation of the *Teeth* and Gums. *Human*, and all the various kinds of Artificial, Teeth set on the Gold Base, (which is considered preferable by those who have used it,) or otherwise as the case may require. Teeth cleaned, and the carious parts removed and filled with Gold. Aug. 7

MACLAURIN'S WRITING SCHOOL.
Corner of Maiden-lane and William-street.

THE Mercantile young gentlemen of this city are respectfully informed, that the subscriber has removed his Writing Room to the above named place, and is now commencing his eleventh and last season's course of instruction in New-York. It may, perhaps, be unnecessary for him to state here what is well known in the writing community, that, for several years past his sole professional object has been to acquire the greatest possible skill on a *teacher of writing for business purposes*, and he leaves it to the numerous and respectable body of young gentlemen who have received his instruction to say how far he has been successful.

As his pupils have freely and frequently expressed their full conviction of the excellence of his course of practice, and of his ability and disposition to render the most essential service in the way of his profession, he begs leave to request, that, as the coming season will be the *last* which he will have the pleasure of devoting to their service, they will give him a tangible evidence of their approbation, by recommending their young friends to his classes which are now forming.

The subscriber respectfully solicits all young gentlemen who feel an interest in the subject of hand writing, to give him a call that he may have an opportunity of explaining and exemplifying the subject to them, more fully and particularly than the limits of an advertisement will admit of. He would also be happy to give them some definite information, as to what are and what are not evidence of the *quality* of a master's instructions: as to the true value of that scribbling stuff which is sometimes dignified with the name of *Running hand*: as to the impositions practised on the public from time to time, by itinerant pedlars of instruction, in the way of getting up marvellous "*specimens of improvements, recommendations*, &c. &c. &c.

Mac Laurin will always be found at his room from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 3 to 10 P. M.

Terms and all other particulars fully and fairly stated on application W. S. MACLAURIN
Oct. 30. tf Writing Master.

JAMES CONNER offers for sale, at his *Type and Stereotype Foundry*, 107 Nassau-street, Printing Types, at six months' credit, or 7 1-2 per cent. deduction for cash, at the prices affixed.

His type will be found as perfect, and made of as good materials, at least, as that manufactured at any other establishment. It is nearly all of an entire NEW CUT; is *lighter faced than any other now exhibited*, and will consequently *wear longer*, look better, take less ink, and less labor in working, than most other type.

Diamond, per lb	$2 00	Small Pica, per lb	38
Pearl,	1 40	Pica,	36
Nonpareil,	90	English,	36
Minion,	70	Great Primer,	34
Brevier,	56	Double Pica,	32
Bourgeois,	46	Six lines Pica, and all larger,	30
Long Primer,	40		

Leads of every thickness and size constantly kept on hand; Cuts of every description on metal bodies; Presses, and all other articles necessary for a printing office, furnished to order.

Printers can be supplied with second-hand type, which has only been used for stereotyping, on very favorable terms.

Old type received in exchange at $9 per 100 lbs.

N. B. Stereotyping of every description will be thankfully received, and attended to with correctness and despatch, on reasonable terms.

☞ Publishers of papers that will insert the above three times will be entitled to receive $2, on settlement of their accounts, or in any type cast at this foundry, provided four times the amount is purchased. tf Dec. 5

PRINTING PRESSES, TYPES, &C.

WILLIAM HAGAR & Co. offer for sale at their Type and Stereotype Foundry, No. 20 Gold street, New-York, a complete assortment of Printing Types, from 4 lines Pica to Diamond, at the following prices, 6 months' credit, or 7 1-2 per cent. discount for cash. They cast their Book Founts, from English to Diamond, of a metal which they will warrant superior to any other used in this country, and which is from 10 to 13 per cent lighter than type formerly made.

Six lines Pica, and all larger, per lb.	30 cents.
Double Pica, to Five Lines,	32
Great Primer,	34
English,	36
Pica,	36
Small Pica,	38
Long Primer,	40
Bourgeois,	46
Brevier,	56
Minion,	70
Nonpareil,	90

All others in proportion. Old metal received in exchange at 9 cents per lb. W. H. & Co. are Agents for the Washington Printing Press, invented by Samuel Rust.

Also, of the Smith Press, manufactured by R. Hoe & Co., both of which they offer for sale on accommodating terms. 9m Aug. 7

PAPER, BOOK, TRUNK, AND BANDBOX BOARDS

FOR sale by the subscriber at his *Paper Ware Room, No. 45 John-street*—his elegant white and tinted Letter and Note Papers; plain, gilt, silvered and perfumed (premiumed at the fairs of 1828 and 9) Foolscap, cut and in flats, fine and common; Demy and Medium Writing Papers, blue and white, admitted to be superior for blank books to any in the market; Rose and Blossom coloured Blotting Paper; Printing, music and Copper-plate Paper, made by hand, and by one of the latest and most approved English Machines; also, hardware, Ironmongers double and single crown Wrapping, Cartridge, Log Stainers, and Sand Papers; likewise, Book, Trunk and Bandbox boards. The above are from the subscriber's manufactory, and for sale at his Ware room, 45 John-street.
s-10 ROBERT DONALDSON,

MUSEUM OF WAX FIGURES.
Corner of Howard street and Broadway.—Entrance Howard street.

THE public are respectfully informed, that th Museum is now open, consisting chiefly of Wax Figures, which have never been exhibited in this City. There are more than One Hundred Figures in the Muesum, among which are—

The Virgin Mary, together with the birth of Christ in Bethlehem, and the Shepherds.—St Mathew chap. 2.

The unjust sentence of the Jews against Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, consisting of Forty Figures.—St. Mathew, chap. 27.

Sisera, Captain over King Jabans Army, who was slain by Jael, the wife of Heber.—Judges, chap. 4.

Jacob's Vision with the Angels on the ladder—Genesis, chap. 28.

Hager and her son Ishmael: and God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water.—Genesis, chap. 21.

King Herod slaying the children—St. Mathew, chap. 2.

John the Baptist beheaded and his head presented to Herodia's daughter.—St. Mathew, chap. 14.

The Chinese Family.

The Sleeping Beauty with her six infants.

Spring representing a love scene with a beautiful Cupid, elegant Bower of Trees, Flowers and Fruit.

Summer, Autumn and Winter.

Admittance 25 cents—children half price.
Aug 28 3m M. C. FRIEDLE.

PREMIUM PENMANSHIP.

G. ELY, to whom was awarded the First Premium, at the late Fair in this city for the best specimen of Plain and Ornamental Writing (when put in competion with the finest productions of the most eminent Penman that has ever appeared from London since the days of the celebrated Chirographer, Gulielmus Milns,) has the pleasure to state that his superiority in teaching the art is universally acknowledged to be in proportion to his skill in execution.

His Academy is now open for the reception of Ladies from 10 to 12 in the morning; and from 3 to 5, and from 7 to 9 in the evening.

Terms made known by applying at 174 Broadway, front room second story.

In his inimitable style he executes Diplomas, Marriage Certificates, Titles for Albums, Visiting Cards and every species of Plain and Ornamental Penmanship.

Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to stop at his door and examine specimens of titles to Albums, and Visiting Cards, written on the most beautiful porcelain. Oct. 30

ARTIFICIAL ENAMEL HUMAN EYES.

TO ALL THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO LOSE AN EYE.

DR. SCUDDER, Oculist, respectfully gives notice that he has returned to New York, and can be consulted between the hours of 12 and 2 o,clock, daily at his office, No. 37 Courtland street. All those who have been so unfortunate as to lose an eye, can have the deficiency remedied with a degree of perfection astonishing. Nothing disfigures the face more than the loss of an eye, and it frequently happens that those who have met with the loss exclude themselves from society. The artificial eyes roll, wink, and turn the same as the natural eye, are worn without pain, and will last during life. Being made of the finest flint enamel, and highly polished they possess the brilliancy of the natural organ, and (so far as appearance goes) completely restore the lost beauty of the human face. August 7.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,
OLD ESTABLISHMENT,
NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and infants, at his old established Stores, No. 102 *William-street and No. 19 Arcade*, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTALOON-STRAPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. Manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd MUSLIN and Oil'd LINEN, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the *shortest notice*.

N. B. All orders punctually attended to.
March 20 tf

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.—No. 78 Murray-st.

MR. KING, Professor of Elocution, has the pleasure to inform the public that his success has been beyond his most sanguine expectations, having given entire relief in every instance, to some who had been already under the tuition of others without having received any benefit. Mr. K. feels confident, that, by his system, (very different from what has been heretofore practised) he will be enabled to *cure permanently*, every one who submits to his instruction, whether any attempt has before been made to correct their impediment, or not.

The liberty of referring to the following gentlemen has been kindly granted. Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Rev. Mr. Ware, Dr. Griscom and Messrs. Borland and Forrest. At home every day at half past 12. 3m July 17.

LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTORY.

PARKER & CLOVER, Carvers and Gilders, 180 Fulton-street, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have made an extensive addition to the Ornamental department of the most fashionable patterns from London, and are enabled to manufacture Frames for Paintings, Looking Glasses, &c. of various patterns, antique or modern, to suit the taste of the most fanciful.
April 21. tf

CARPETING

THE subscribers, in addition to a superior assortment of Brussels and Ingrain, offer the following elegant and splended Kidderminster Carpeting, recently received, viz:—white, with wood and green; orange, with blue and green; green, lemon and white; lilac, green and white, orange, lemon and scarlet; lemon, green, white and blue; browns, elegantly shaded with light colors, &c. The patterns of the above goods are entirely new, and the manner in which they are shaded, and are such as have not been offered before in this city, and for permanency of colors can be confidently recommended. Also, a very extensive assortment of low priced English and Scotch Carpeting, Venetian in sets, Damask Venetian, a new and splendid article for halls, stairs, &c. with the usual assortment of Matting, Rugs, Piano, Table, and Stand Covers and Door Mats: Floor Cloths, from three quarters to three yards wide, in a great variety of colors and patterns. Goods purchased of the advertisers, will be sold on the most accommodating terms, and sent to any part of the city, and fitted to apartments gratuitously. J. & J. H. SACKETT, 96 Division,
June 26 tf nearly opposite Market-st.

RELIEF FOR HERNIA.

THE American Graduate and Permanent TRUSS has obtained such celebrity for the short time it has been before the public, that the proprietor is induced to call the attention of those afflicted with that distressing complaint called Hernia, to the manifest and decided advantages embraced by this newly improved instrument over all others in use, it is adapted to every variety of reducible Hernia, in persons of all ages and sizes; the most corpulant as well as lean being secured by it. Its peculiarities will be found applicable to all cases, and particularly to such as reside in warm climates. The variety of cants of its pads, the Graduating principle by which greater or less pressure is given at the wearer's pleasure, its side cushions, with its numerous other advantages, render it a very desirable desideratum to the afflicted, and as a full description cannot be given in an advertisement it is presumed to be a sufficient inducement to state that this Truss is warranted to give the promised and desired relief in all cases. The American Graduate and Permanent Trusses may be had in any quantity at the Office, No. 6 Attorneys' Hall, opposite Clinton Hall, 126 Nassau-street.

All Orders punctually attended to, and a liberal discount made to venders. Sept. 25

DR. H. C. THORP'S celebrated Carminantia or Panacea, for the cure of almost every disease arising from the impurity of the blood, as may be seen by a large number of certificates that have been and have not been published, but are in the possession of the proprietor, to exhibit to all those interested; among which are certificates where have been cured king's evil, salt rheum, dyspepsia, disease of the liver and lungs, rheumatism of long standing, sore throat, ague and fever, diarrhoea, and many others.

The proprietor would inform his agents and consumers, that they may have a constant supply of the above article, on application at No. 131 Walker-st. The price of the above article is $1 50 cents pr bottle, and a liberal discount to those who buy to sell again.

CERTIFICATES

HAVING been confined with an infection of the Lungs and Liver for a length of time, so that it baffled the skill of a number of Physicians they despaired of my recovery; but on hearing of Dr. Thorp's Carminantia, I procured some of it from him, and now feel myself perfectly recovered, and owe my recovery altogether to his masterly medicine, and do recommend it to all necessitated, being fully persuaded that it needs but a trial for a cure.
WM. RANDOLPH,
Foreman of the House of Refuge, New-York.

DR. PIERSON'S Cubeb and Sarsaparilla Compound, a new, safe, and speedy remedy for the cure of gonorrhoea, gleets, strictures, seminal weakness, pains in the loins, kidneys, irritation of the bladder and urethra, gravel, and other disorders of the urinary passages, frequently performing a perfect cure in the short space of three or four days.

The Cubebs are chemically combined with Sarsaparilla and other ingredients, which render it highly beneficial in secondary syphilitic symptoms, scorbutic eruptions, rheumatism, pains in the bones, ulcers, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. This medicine combines man elegant form, three of the most popular and effectual remedies in use at the present day, its concentration making the dose so small, that the most delicate stomach can receive and retain it with pleasure. On the extensive use and great benefit of these remedies in England at the present day, little need be said. The celebrity this Concentrated Compound has gained in London, has induced many respectable gentlemen to prescribe it for their patients.

For sale by WM RUSHTON, 81 William-street second door from Maiden-Lane. July 3

E. BLOOMER,

AT No. 160 Broadway, is prepared to supply his customers and the public generally, with *HATS* of the most approved style and finish, at various prices. Also—London Black and Drab Beavers; and Umbrellas of the best quality; French Gloves.

Gentlemen's Travelling Hat Boxes, a new article superior perhaps to any before offered in this city.

Caps in great variety, viz. Men and Boy's Travelling, Swiss, Bolivar, and Fancy.

Officers of the Army and Navy furnished with *CAPS* to order at short notice.

Family orders promptly attended to. May 15